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JULY 24, 1981

m. F. Buckley Jr. on
REAGANOMICS —see page 860

NATIONAL REVIEW

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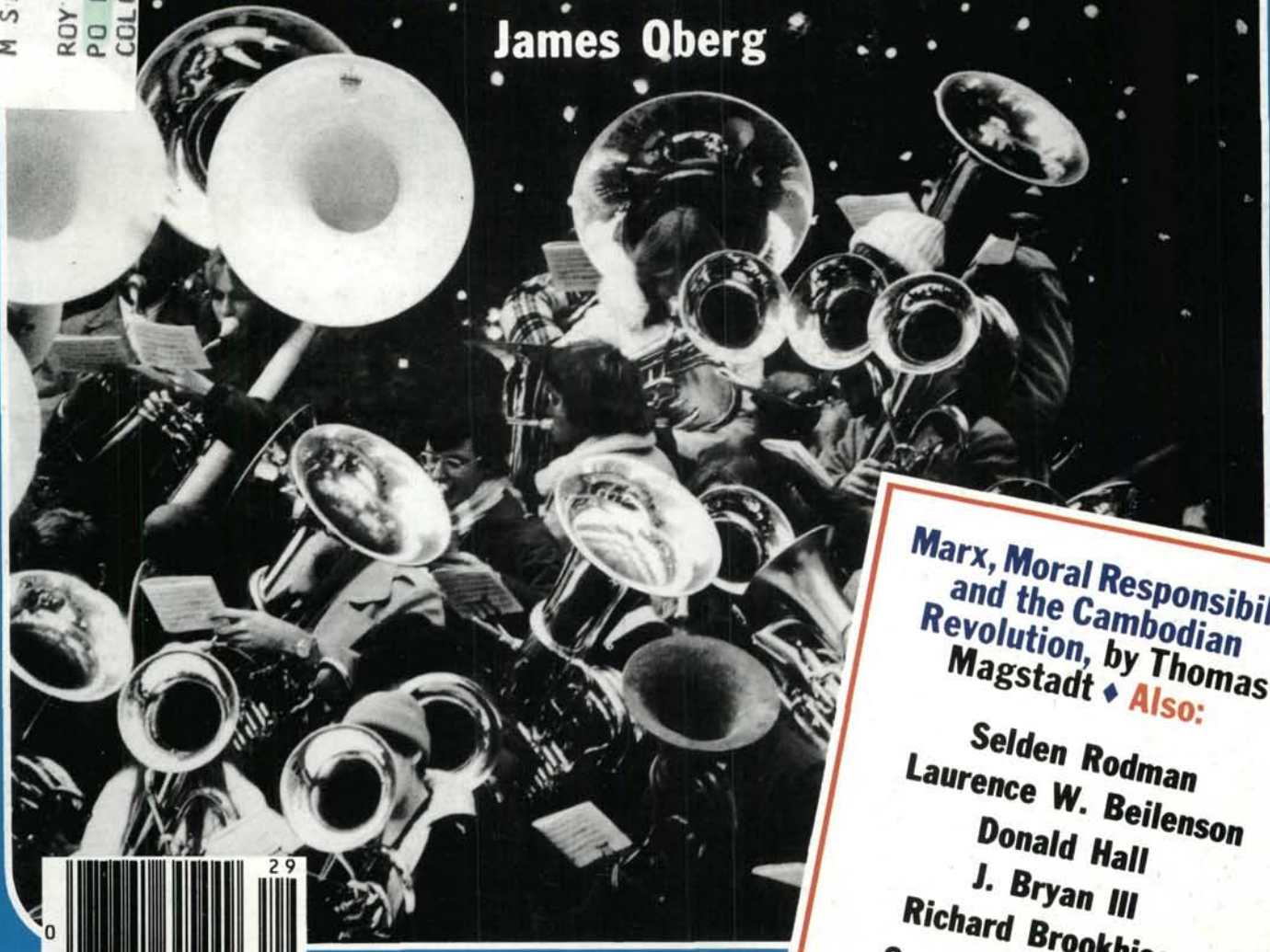
The Space Shuttle and SOVIET PROPAGANDA

James Qberg



Marx, Moral Responsibility and the Cambodian Revolution, by Thomas Magstadt ◆ Also:

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Laurence W. Beilenson
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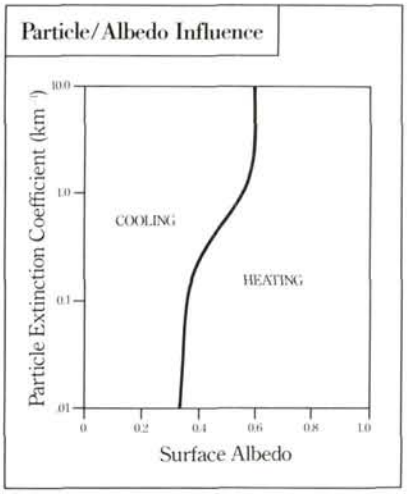
The Albedo Effect

Mathematical models of the atmosphere are the chief scientific tools for predicting long-term climate and identifying possible climatic changes that may result from man's activities. Recent advances at the General Motors Research Laboratories have revealed new information about the contribution of airborne particles to the delicate thermal balance of the earth's atmosphere.



Regions of heating and cooling determined by particle characteristics and surface albedo.

Radiation scattering exhibited by a layer of particles. The inset shows the distribution of scattering by a single particle of mean size.

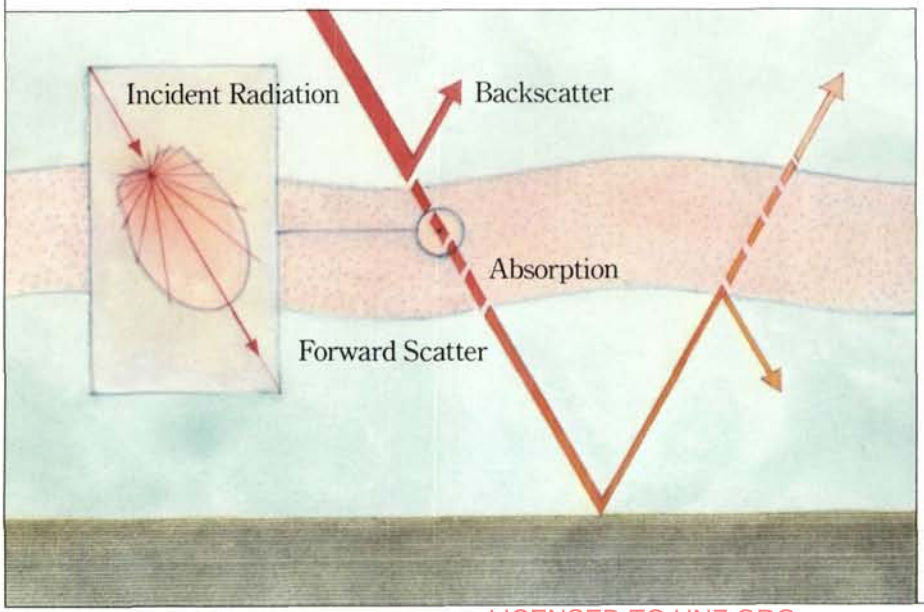
DEVOID of its atmosphere, the bare earth would reach an average temperature of only −1°C. Atmospheric interaction with solar and terrestrial radiation raises the average surface temperature to fifteen degrees Celsius, making life as we know it possible. Small fluctuations in overall temperature can have large-scale effects. It is believed that a drop of a few degrees Celsius lasting for a period as short as four years could trigger an ice age. Fundamental studies conducted at the General Motors Research Laboratories explore the effect of various atmospheric factors, natural and man-made, on the earth's thermal balance.

New knowledge of the influence of airborne particles on the earth's thermal balance has been revealed by investigations carried out by Dr. Ruth Reck. Dr. Reck's work at General Motors integrated for the first time the complex factor of particles into radiative-convective atmospheric models. Her findings help determine under what conditions particles have a cooling influence, and under what conditions they have a heating influence.

Airborne particles have many sources: volcanic issue, wind-raised dust and sea salt, ash, soot, direct and indirect products of combustion and industrial processing, the products of the decay of plant and animal life, the liquid droplets and ice crystals that make up clouds. Particles alter the radiation flow in the atmosphere by the processes of scattering and absorption. Particles differ by size and composition, factors which determine optical properties.

Prior to Dr. Reck's work, models for calculating the vertical temperature profile included layers of clouds and the significant gases—O_2, O_3, H_2O and CO_2—but neglected the particle factor. To establish the thermal effect of particles, later models assumed a uniform vertical temperature change.

Dr. Reck's contribution was to add the particle factor to a one-dimensional model developed at the Geophysical Fluid Dynamics Laboratory at Princeton University. This model divides the atmosphere into nine layers. An initial temperature distribution is assumed, and the model is used to compute the net radiative energy



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flow into or out of each layer. A particle population is input for each layer. Calculated radiation imbalances result in a temperature change for each layer within the model, subject to the condition that change in temperature with altitude not exceed the adiabatic lapse rate. The new temperatures are used to compute a new radiation balance. This process is repeated until there are no further changes in temperature.

The particles of interest, known as Mie-scattering aerosols, are comparable in size to the wavelength of the incident radiation. Dr. Reck models the interaction of these particles with the radiation field in terms of two parameters: the single scattering albedo of the particle, which describes backscatter, and an anisotropic scattering factor, which measures the degree of forward scatter. From these two quantities and the size distribution and abundance of the particles, the transmission, absorption and backscatter of each layer in the model can be calculated.

DR. RECK discovered that whether particles have a heating or cooling influence depends upon the surface albedo, or reflective power, of the earth directly beneath them. Snow (0.6) is more reflective than sand (0.3); water is less reflective than either (0.07). Her results indicate that when surface albedo is small, the net effect of particles is to "shield" the earth from incoming solar radiation, producing a cooling influence. When surface albedo is large, a trapping effect prevails, in which the portion of solar radiation that reaches the earth's surface is "trapped" between the surface and the particles, producing a net heating influence. The competition between these two effects, shielding and trapping, determines the overall thermal influence of particles.

Dr. Reck calculated that for the latitudes between the equator and 35°N, where average surface albedo is low, the current background level of atmospheric particles decreases solar radiation reaching the earth by ~1%, thus producing a net cooling effect. Her findings indicate that heating takes place at latitudes north of 55°N, where average surface albedo is high. Calculations with the model indicate a correlation between the increase in particle abundance due to volcanic activity in 1970 and a subsequent ice build-up in 1971.

"Previous models did not adequately take into account the role played by particles in the earth's thermal balance," says Dr. Reck. "The geosystem is continually changing. It is important for us to understand the elements that affect this evolution, so that we may know how man's activities influence the atmosphere."

THE WOMAN BEHIND THE WORK

Dr. Ruth Reck is a Staff Research Scientist in the Physics Department at the General Motors Research Laboratories.

Dr. Reck received her Ph.D in physical chemistry from the University of Minnesota. Her thesis, on the statistical mechanics of heterogeneous systems, concerned the theory of diffusion-controlled chemical reactions. Prior to joining General Motors in 1965, she was a Research Associate in the Applied Mathematics Department of Brown University.

In addition to global climate studies, Dr. Reck has done research at General Motors in solid state physics and magnetic materials. Over the last seven years, she has participated in several international exchange programs on climate-related subjects.

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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The Cover

828 The Space Shuttle and Soviet Propaganda
While most of the world was admiring the latest U.S. space achievement, the Soviet media were busy finding sinister purposes in it. As usual, there was a certain gap between the Soviet line and the facts of the case: the Russians have a system of their own for extra-atmospheric warfare, and they don't want it threatened (it isn't) or mentioned (it wasn't).
James Oberg

Articles & Columns

827 Currents of History
Socialism marches on, with generous aid from what's left of capitalism. What will happen to the poor dears when they finish us off? *Brian Crozier*

831 Marx, Moral Responsibility, and the Cambodian Revolution
If man treats himself as a mere "natural object," C. S. Lewis warned, Nature will have her revenge. Marx's twentieth century followers have ignored this truth, and their handiwork has made Marx himself seem, in retrospect, like a rather decent chap. He wasn't, but at least he thought Communism would incorporate civilization, not destroy it. It's fair to assume he would have disowned the work of Lenin, Mao, and Pol Pot.
Thomas M. Magstadt

837 Russia's Chemical Feast
The Soviets have a new "secret weapon" against the West: trade disruption, aided by Western microprocessors. *Wil Lepkowski*

840 Head and Heart
"Go to America," a boy told me, "and shine shoes. Return to Syria a merchant." "Russia," another scoffed—"if they opened their borders everyone would leave." Memories of a year's sojourn in Syria.
Samuel Pickering Jr.

841 Never Give Money Away to Anyone: Parkinson's Rule Three Annotated
Foreign aid has been a sorry substitute for foreign policy. Experience in this area has kept a dear school, but the Jimmy Carters have apparently slept through classes. *Laurence W. Beilenson*

845 Prayer and Social Progress
Man needs both public and private faith: on that, Judaism and Christianity agree. *Michael Novak*

Books Arts & Manners

846 **Selden Rodman** celebrates two Jewish heroes' accounts of their battles against antisemitism—one at Entebbe, one in Buenos Aires. . . . **Richard Brookhiser** reviews Jacob Javits's account of his own lifelong heroism. . . . John McPhee predicts, inter alia, that California will be an island; **Donald Hall** shudders, admires. . . . **Terry Teachout** follows *Liebling Abroad*. . . . **J. Bryan III** sighs over a very special tub. . . . *Also: Joseph Sobran, John Simon.*

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Battling the Paper Pile

In the fight on forms, last April 1 was no April Fool's Day. It was the effective date of a new law intended to turn back, or at least slow down, the mounting tide of government-required paperwork that's engulfing us all.

The Paperwork Reduction Act, it's called—a bipartisan piece of legislation shepherded through Congress by a coalition of Democrats and Republicans, signed into law by President Carter, and now being implemented by the Reagan Administration.

The paperwork burdens heaped on the public by the government are dizzying. The Office of Management and Budget (OMB), enforcer of the new law, reports that federal agencies subject to the budget process thrust a paperwork load on the public totaling more than 1.2 billion work hours in fiscal 1980. The agencies had projected an increase in fiscal 1981. But OMB stepped in to cut the figure by 48 million hours.

Even so, the paperwork saddling the public this year adds up to 590,000 work years. That equals or surpasses the work years for the entire steel industry, or the entire newspaper and magazine industry.

Some 75% of the paperwork dictated by the government is mandatory. Penalties may be assessed on people who don't comply. Tax reporting is an example. Another 19% of the paperwork is required to get or keep a federal benefit, such as a Medicare payment or a research grant. Only 6% is voluntary.

The time and money spent filling out forms for the government are time and money that are unavailable for other, more productive purposes. For businesses, the dollars spent on government paperwork are funds that cannot be invested, say, in research and development. For hospitals, they're dollars shut off from use in health care services or medical research. For state and local governments, they're dollars unavailable for social services—or, for that matter, dollars that could be turned back to the people in reduced taxes.

There's a tendency in the bureaucratic burrows to view the piling up of paper as an end in itself. OMB is at war with that notion. It is establishing a federal information locator system. The aim is to get government agencies to knock off making demands on the public for information that already exists in Uncle Sam's vast apparatus.

Under terms of the new law, OMB is going to make government agencies come up with a " paperwork burden estimate " whenever they want information from the public. This will require an agency to detail the time and cost to the public of supplying the information, justify why it is needed, and tell how it will be used.

Come the first of next year, any government request for information must carry an OMB "control number." If there's no such number, you can ignore the request. Just toss it in the wastebasket.

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Letters

Precedent

The Articles of Confederation, the first constitution of the United States, were designed to overcome the reluctance of independent states, jealous of their sovereignty, to create a union ["The Articles of Confederation," July 10]. Much of the Articles' doctrine of federalism (divided sovereignty) was absorbed into the Constitution of 1787. The Reagan Administration fittingly takes office during the bicentennial year of the Articles, a year which begins a new round in the determination of the balance of power between the states and the Federal Government.

Bill Gardner
Piermont, N.Y.

An Offer You Can't Refuse

Let us hope that Maxwell Harrow's timely article on Grenada is read at the State Department ["The Cuban Yoke," June 12]. Developments on this Caribbean island are disturbingly parallel to those in Nicaragua, where Soviet military advisors have arrived along with their MiGs and T-55 tanks.

Following the defections last summer of Aleksei Leshchouk, Second Secretary at the Soviet Embassy in Kingston, Jamaica, and Carlos Pedro Tariche Reina, an official at the Cuban Embassy in Grenada, it was revealed that a secret treaty had been signed in Moscow which allows Soviet Tu-95 (the NATO-designated "Bear") reconnaissance aircraft landing rights at Grenada's soon-to-be-completed Pointe Saline "International Airport." In return for his signature on the treaty, Grenadian Deputy Prime Minister Bernard Coard received 12 Soviet trucks, 15 military jeeps, 16 tractors, twenty irrigation pumps, and a two-year supply of spare parts. Not a bad trade on the Soviets' part for a highly strategic airbase in the Caribbean.

Hermann Moratti
St. George's, Grenada

A Terrible Tragedy

Your editorial "A Terrible Bombast Is Born" [May 29] concludes with the statement: "Conor Cruise O'Brien said it all two years ago," followed by an extended quotation explaining why the British must remain in Northern Ireland. But Mr. O'Brien did not "say it all"—in fact, he seems simply not to see why "the Irish question" is a tragedy and not merely a problem.

It is true that "Ulster Protestant rejection of the united Ireland is not something superficial or ephemeral: it is long-established, deep-seated, and passionate." This, like so much in Ireland, goes back to Cromwell, who quite deliberately took one of the stubbornest peoples on the face of God's earth, Scots Presbyterians, and transplanted them to a country already inhabited by a different group of equally stubborn people.

There might have been a good case in equity for removing the Scots back to their homeland if it had been done quickly —by the restored Charles II, let us say. But their descendants currently living in Northern Ireland have been there for over ten generations. Hence there is a real conflict of rights; which many of the IRA types don't recognize, since they regard the Protestants purely as usurpers; and which Mr. O'Brien doesn't recognize, since he ignores the rights of the indigenous Irish. The tragedy is that, barring the intervention of the Holy Spirit, there may actually be no solution, *including* warfare.

Betty Henderson
Whittier, Calif.

An Appreciation

Just a line to tell you that we are all in deep debt to you for the publication of John Lukacs's most moving article "Easter in Warsaw" [June 12]—moving, wise, and so full of compassion.

Mrs. Bertram D. Wolfe
Monte Sereno, Calif.

A Close Reading

Mr. Russell Kirk was more than a little naughty in his reply to Mr. Gideonse ["The Open Question: Sixth-Grade Textbooks," June 12]. By way of dismissing his opponent without answering him, a classic debater's ploy, Mr. Kirk says, inter alia: "Imagine the rage of Mr. Gideonse when he discovered (if ever he has) that Don Quixote never lived and breathed, but was invented out of whole cloth by Cervantes . . ." Now, when a reader opens a book, if it matters to him whether the contents are literal truth or just a good story, he must apply his common sense and reading skills to it.

If a reader similarly applies common sense to the purported quotation in Mr. Kirk's column, he will decide that the text is preposterous on the face of it; but then it is Mr. Kirk's *point* that modern education *is* preposterous.

If one then applies close textual analysis, one notices that Mr. Kirk introduces the passage, not with a statement such as: "A result is such an achievement as the following, typical of what one finds in social-science textbooks for the sixth grade today," but rather: "A result is such an

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We are a **new and unique** monthly opinion magazine, the kind that Catholics have been searching for — in many cases — for decades. As one professor in Massachusetts wrote us, "Your strong defense of Pope John Paul II in the Hans Kung affair warmed my heart. I wish that other Catholic magazines (one of which I first subscribed to some 33 years ago) had exhibited such courage. I have found some of the best rendering of Catholic teaching and tradition in your *Review* — and not in Catholic periodicals of like format, where one would normally expect to find it."

We feature a regular column by **James Hitchcock** giving a running commentary on the continuing battle between the Holy Father and the modernists, and our Rome Correspondent files dispatches from **inside the Vatican.**

Published 10 times a year by Anglo-Catholics, the *New Oxford Review* believes the battle for Christian truth is being fought inside all denominations and communions. Hence, we maintain strong links to Evangelicals, Pentecostalists, the Eastern Orthodox, and others.

We address a variety of religious and secular topics, and various viewpoints are aired. Our writers include such diverse and exciting people as Peter L. Berger, J.M. Cameron, Francis Canavan S.J., Robert Coles, Joseph Fessio S.J., Carl F.H. Henry, Thomas Howard, Erazim Kohak, Arthur F. McGovern S.J., Richard John Neuhaus, John T. Noonan Jr., Paul Ramsey, James V. Schall S.J., Paul Seabury, Sheldon Vanauken, and Robert E. Webber. Our editor is Dale Vree.

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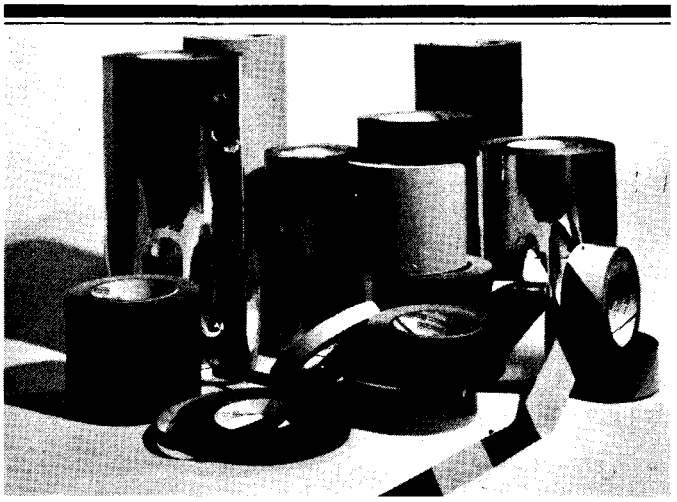

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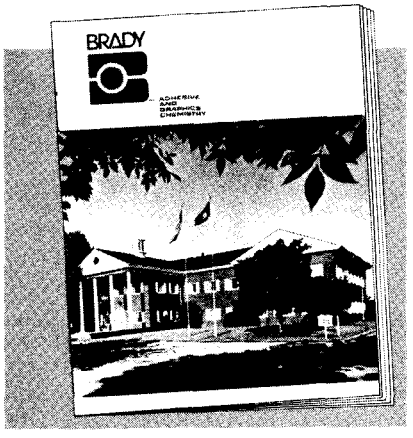

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achievement as the following *in a typical* social-science textbook . . ." (italics added). Similarly, he closes with: "I hasten to add that this is *not* a passage from one of ERCA's textbooks [an outfit Mr. Kirk approves of]; but neither is it a burlesque of what passes for 'social science' in many textbooks"—leaving even the least sober-sided reader to conclude that if it is not a direct quote from a single textbook, it is at least meant to be a composite in more than the Janet Cooke sense.

Julie Wilcox
Chicago, Ill.

Revision

In the June 26 issue of *NR*, Neal Freeman stated that I was spreading word of the Vice President's "robust showing in national polls" ["The Current Wisdom"]. To expect people in Washington not to talk about polls is the equivalent of asking the people of London not to drink tea. But to imply, as does Mr. Freeman's report, that the Vice President encouraged me in any way to spread the word of his public standing has absolutely no basis in fact. This type of Washington gossip might be expected in some other journal, but not *NR*. As anyone familiar with the political scene knows, the Vice President's popularity is a mirror reflection of the President's popularity and nothing more.

Peter E. Teeley
Press Secretary
Office of the Vice President
Washington, D.C.

Lost in the Stars

Re: "Alexander Haig's star, alas, continues in declension" ["Letter from Washington," May 15].

While we decline verbs in declensions, they are still perfectly fine verbs.

We do not decline stars. All stars, at all times, have declension. There is no cause for distress at stars' having declension. In fact, we should be greatly disturbed if they did not.

Haig is neither a verb nor a star. He is a brand of Scotch, which may be declined, but only for white wine.

Your metaphors are declining, alas, though not in declension.

Davis Keeler
Institute for Humane Studies
Menlo Park, Calif.

Behind the Shroud

In the editorial on the Shroud of Turin ["The Shroud Again," May 15], the writer suggests that we stick to the facts as they emerge. Yes, indeed; I agree with this wholeheartedly. But then, why do we ignore facts that are hundreds of years old —namely, and to wit, that Henry of Poitiers, Bishop of Troyes, stated in the 1350s that the Shroud had been "cunningly painted, the truth being attested by the artist who had painted it," which seems to

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imply that the Bishop had found the artist and that the latter had confessed.

As for current research, a series of photomicrographic studies carried out during 1979 and 1980, by Dr. Walter C. McCrone, corroborated that point; he found that the stains were, indeed, pigments, mainly iron oxide and mercuric sulfide (vermilion), both being common artists' pigments at the time, and that both were found associated with a binder, identified as the base of tempera, used as a vehicle for pigments in that period.

During this study, traces were found of other pigments, notably orpiment, ultramarine, azurite, wood charcoal, madder rose, and even larger amounts of vermilion. These suggest the contamination of the cloth while it was in an artist's studio, the only place where all these substances are likely to be found.

John S. Carroll
Emlenton, Pa.

The claim of the Bishop of Troyes has not been substantiated by examination of the cloth. Moreover, no fourteenth century painter would have had the knowledge of anatomy exhibited in the figure, nor would he have been likely to paint a "negative" image. No known painting techniques, then or now, produce a three-dimensional effect. The most recent and exhaustive examination of the Shroud does not substantiate Dr. McCrone. It concludes that the image was not *painted.*

—JH

Coal Oil

Echoes surround me from numerous articles on energy appearing in your pages, and in particular a splendid piece by Peter Navarro ["The Great Plains Chronicles," April 3]. As a boy, before WWI, I lived in Louisville, Kentucky. The Louisville Gas and Electric Co. there manufactured "illuminating gas" from West Virginia and eastern Kentucky coal brought down the Ohio River in huge tows (I saw them). We burned this gas in our kitchen stove and our Ruud Instaneous hot water heater. I was told that a by-product of this operation was coke, which we burned in our huge warm-air furnace. Very hot, very clean. I was also told that a further by-product was "coal oil," which was a crystal clear liquid which smelled like kerosene and was used in lamps in country houses out beyond the power lines. This "coal oil" would probably have worked very well in diesel engines had there been such engines around.

Now I would like to pass this question on to the energy experts in your readership. Am I wrong in my belief that all these goodies were actually extracted from soft coal? Then, if I am not mistaken, what happened to the technology?

William Davies
Melbourne, Fla.

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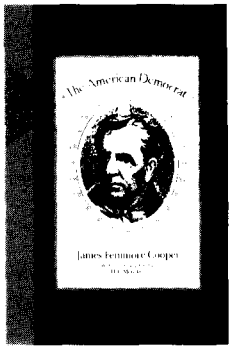

The American Democrat

By James Fenimore Cooper

Introduction by H. L. Mencken

An easily readable study of political democracy as attempted in the United States. Cooper, an aristocrat in mind and manners, defends democracy provided it remains representative rather than direct.

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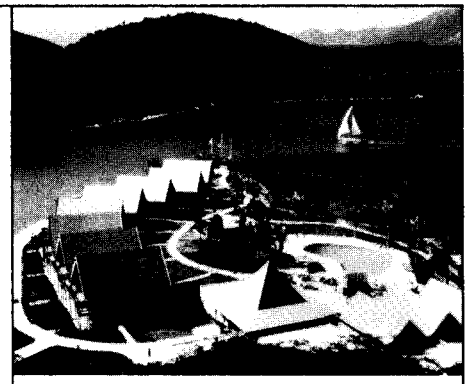

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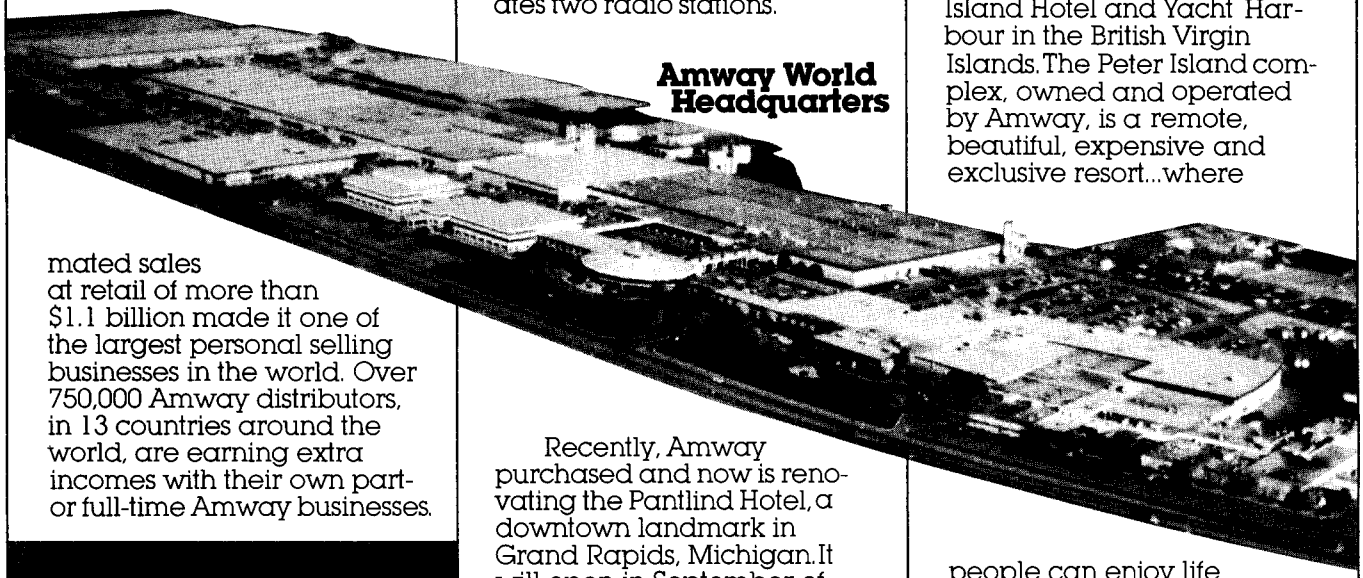
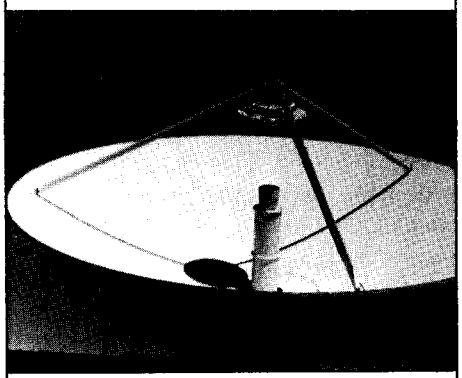


Amway World Headquarters



Mutual Broadcasting System

But the Amway story doesn't stop there. Amway is also a diversified corporation with properties in a variety of business areas.

In 1978, Amway bought the Mutual Broadcasting System, the world's largest radio network. From its headquarters in Arlington, Virginia, Mutual furnishes news, sports, special events and public affairs programming to more than 1000 affiliate stations. Mutual also owns and operates two radio stations.

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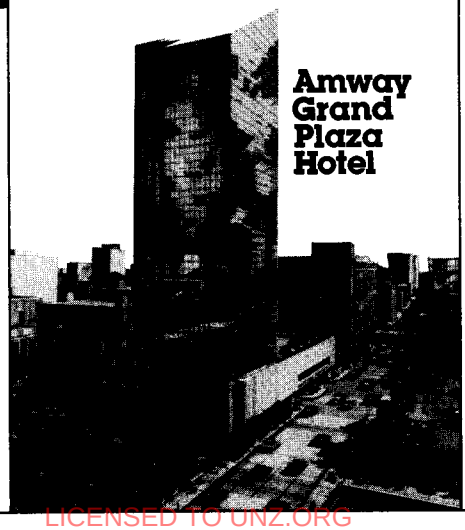
In addition, Amway is constructing an adjacent 28-story hotel tower to be completed in 1983. Altogether, the Amway Grand Plaza will offer 700 deluxe accommodations in the heart of the city's retail, commercial and cultural center.



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Amway

SHOP WITHOUT GOING SHOPPING

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Congress is back from its two-week July 4 break and the Battle of the Taxes is on. . . . Given **Reagan**'s "astonishing budget victory," say **Evans & Novak**, there's a "fair to good chance" the tax bill will win in the House and come out of House-Senate conference by early September. . . . **David Stockman** is jubilant. He estimates the bill the House passed includes "94 per cent of the entitlements changes and savings" in the original March proposal. . . . Getting kudos for that victory from **Max Friedersdorf**, the White House communications chief, is House Republican leader **Robert Michel** (Ill.). "Holding 190 Republicans on vote after vote the way Bob Michel did was a major miracle," says Friedersdorf. . . . Incidentally, of the 29 Democrats who voted with the GOP, only 25 were genuine native **boll weevils**. Four came from other areas: **Atkinson** (Pa.), **Mottl** (Ohio), **Santini** (Nev.), and **Stump** (Ariz.). . . . House Ways and Means Committee Chairman **Dan Rostenkowski** is not all that sure he can get the runaway Democratic conservatives back in time for tax vote. "My problem is the President can gear up his army with just one TV appearance. That's fighting the Army, Navy, Marines, and Air Force."

■ Top Washington correspondent **Godfrey Sperling** (*Christian Science Monitor*), having made deep soundings on first six months of Reagan Administration, rates the President as: *excellent* in political judgment, communications with the public, communications with Congress, domestic affairs, ability to hold constituency that voted for him; *very good* in handling of job, communications with business community; *good* in communications with labor; *fair to good* in foreign affairs; *fair* in communications with press; *fair to poor* in communications with blacks, Hispanics.

Jon, *London Daily Mail* Rothco

"How am I doing, M. Mitterrand?"

. . . Six months into the Reagan Presidency, a *New York Times*/CBS poll shows a mood of national optimism; i.e., 46 per cent feel things will be better in 1986 than they are today, only 29 per cent think they will be worse. In last poll, 1979, it was 24 per cent optimistic, 43 pessimistic about the future. . . . Meanwhile *Washington Post* columnist **David Broder** has taken a look at two recent polls, one Republican (**Richard Wirthlin**), one Democratic (**Horace W. Busby**), and wonders whether the Republican Party will not emerge from the Reagan years as "the majority party in America," with the Democrats "consigned to a minority of quarreling factions." The polls show that more men than women, more union families than non-union families, more middle-income families than either very poor or very rich families, more young people than old, are identifying themselves as Republicans. These are the kind of people, says Broder, who form "what has to be the heart of any majority party coalition these days."

■ Looking ahead: In Ohio, Republican Gov. **James Rhodes** says he won't make a decision on whether to run against Democratic Sen. **Howard Metzenbaum** until late this year, leaving the field open for Rep. **John Ashbrook**, who is running hard. Latest **Bob Teeter** poll shows Metzenbaum surprisingly popular, but 41 per cent of those questioned think he is a conservative, making Metzenbaum (ACA 18; ADA 84) somewhat of a political **Houdini**. . . . **Phyllis Schlafly**, who decided last time around not to run against Sen. **Charles Percy**, may do so next time, given Percy's sorry performance as chairman of Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

■ Now you see it, now you don't. **Mehmet Ali Agca**, Pope **John Paul**'s would-be assassin, is a "right-wing" terrorist. Right, according to everything you've read; but **Robert Moss** (*The Spike*) testified to **Denton** subcommittee investigating terrorism that Agca had spent time in PLO camp in Lebanon in 1977, a camp in Syria (Hamouriya) in 1979, and a camp in Libya (Ras al-Hillel), late 1980. All of which has been widely reported in European press but not in *New York Times*, *Washington Post*, both of which had reporters at Moss hearings. . . . Philadelphia's highest honor, the Freedom Medal, has gone to a foreigner for first time ever —**Lech Walesa**.

■ They were not amused: Red China has expelled British exchange student **Robin Haggard** for scrawling on a Fudan U. blackboard "Long Live the Gang of Four," signed "The Fudan University Reactionary Society."

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THE WEEK

■ The government is removing import restrictions on shoes, but is considering new restrictions on imported tobacco. You could try smoking the shoes, but the Surgeon General has probably determined that it is dangerous to your health.

■ The President got a cool, cool welcome from the NAACP when he spoke at its national convention in Denver. He called the welfarist approach "a new form of bondage," for which he was duly denounced as insensitive and all that. Oddly enough, the NAACP only a couple of years back seemed on the verge of a supply-side approach itself, with its chairman, Margaret Bush Wilson (who gave Reagan a sarcastic introduction in Denver), arguing that no-growth economics froze blacks at the bottom of the economic ladder. Black unemployment stands at about 13 per cent—high, but the obverse is that 87 per cent are working. Instead of emphasizing black dependence on Washington—and inadvertently reinforcing the welfare-bum stereotypes—the NAACP should stress that what blacks need is an expanding economy, and more jobs. As witness a *New York Times* report that blacks are now flocking southward, where the jobs are. It should be clear that blacks figure heavily among the marginal workers—helped by boom times, and hurt when high taxes boost employers' overhead and increase unemployment.

■ SEXUAL NOTES: The all-male Supreme Court bows out by upholding the all-male draft that resulted in fifty thousand all-male deaths in Vietnam. Eleanor Smeal whimpers that she is being discriminated against. The ERA is sliding down the tube. Peter Drucker weighs in with the reminder that in the nineteenth century the liberation of women meant allowing them to stay home instead of working. Take it from there, Justice O'Connor.

■ It is necessary to develop a sophisticated perspective on the whole question of drafting women as it surfaced in the recent Supreme Court ruling, which turned the matter back over to Congress: No, women do not possess a constitutional right to be drafted. But, in the first place, the suit was not launched by people who want women drafted. It was launched by opponents of *all* draft registration, who desired to block, by this means, the registration of males ordered by President Carter. Had the Court ruled that registration must be sex-blind, the draft system would have been placed under severe strain; and public opinion, as refracted through Congress, is so opposed to drafting women that the draft itself might have been abolished. Of course, women do have the opportunity of enlisting, even of attending the service academies and becoming career officers. The shriekers over at *Ms.* and NOW ought to calm down. Common sense won out, for a change.

■ It is bruited that Secretary Haig is considering leaving vacant the post of Assistant Secretary of State for Human Rights. Given the ruckus raised by the Lefever nomination, and the confusion into which American policy on human rights has fallen generally, it's not surprising. At the same time, a country whose founding document speaks not only of "certain inalienable rights," but also of "a decent respect to the opinions of mankind," can hardly let the issue drop. *NR* repeats a proposal, first made in *Foreign Affairs*, by the editor of this magazine: Set up a Commission on Human Rights—five members, no connection with the State Department, nor, indeed, with policy-making of any kind. Every year, the Commissioners report to the President and to Congress on the status of human rights in every country (their conclusions also go out over the Voice of America). The Chairman of the Commission represents the United States at the relevant UN committees on human rights. Efficacious? Perhaps not. Liberating? As liberating as truth. The Commission, Buckley concluded, would offer "something like a constant"—"mute while the United States collaborates with Stalin in pursuit of Hitler, or Mao in pursuit of Brezhnev, but resolutely unwilling to falsify the record of Stalin or Mao in their treatment of their own people."

■ Last week, Illinois Senator Alan Dixon told the *Chicago Tribune* he is "against busing, in my heart of hearts." If you don't know how he voted on a recent busing bill, you haven't been following politics for the last forty years.

■ On Thursday July 2 the William E. Simon Chair in Political Economy was unveiled at a dinner at the International Club in Washington, D.C. In attendance were the President of the United States, the Secretaries of State and the Treasury, the Attorney General, the National Security Advisor, the Director of the CIA, Ed Meese, Justin Dart, Holmes Tuttle, Frank Shakespeare, David Packard, and many other luminaries from government and business. Henry Kissinger was master of ceremonies. Tributes to Simon were given by President Reagan, by Justin Dart, and by Assistant Treasury Secretary Paul Craig Roberts,

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

William French Smith, the Attorney General, is the Cabinet member who is coming in from the cold. Lately he drew warranted recognition for his meticulous screening of myriad candidates for the High Court vacancy to be filled by Sandra O'Connor. Also, Smith is commonly regarded as one of three Cabinet officers (with Treasury's Donald Regan and Commerce's Malcolm Baldridge) who enjoy most stroke at the White House—Smith not being third.

Yet the vibes around town, those bits and pieces of impression that float and hang like a smog, suggest that Smith doesn't deserve this high approval rating, that he is really ineffectual. Responsible for these inchoate anti-Smith vibes are the relatively few journalists who watch the Department of Justice (DOJ) closely and who are generally of liberal hue. To them, Smith's policies are reactionary, and his personality is lackluster. (Actually, Smith is neither timid nor diffident, but mild-mannered and self-effacing.) Wait till the Washington media *en masse* catch up with Smith and what he has been quietly doing during the last six months. He will be called a lot of things, but certainly not ineffectual.

William French Smith is the point man of the Reagan social counter-revolution. In civil rights, Smith has restored the principle of color-blindness as the litmus test of equal treatment under law. DOJ will no longer espouse goals, timetables, or quotas—or any other measure that focuses on people by race or gender—as instruments of public policy on civil rights. Race or gender discrimination will be prosecuted, of course, but it must be shown to be purposeful, and it must have already taken place. Judicial remedies will be just that: remedial, not prophylactic. Victims of *proven* race/gender discrimination will be the objects of judicial remedies, not *potential* victims of conjectured future discrimination.

Under Smith, DOJ will no longer be a proponent of school busing. Smith does not believe that busing relieves discrimination. DOJ will indeed work to rectify any educational or social injuries that can be shown to stem from segregated schools. But it will not use busing as a putative corrective.

In the area of violent crime, Smith has assembled the blue-ribbon task force that he wanted, and, more importantly, he has publicly disowned the sophistry of earlier eras that criminality is due principally to unemployment, poverty, or other social conditions. Smith takes the position that criminality is due to the laxity of our punishment system, which he is bent on reforming with stiffer criminal sanctions.

In immigration policy, Smith has put together the innovative *Gastarbeiter* program for Mexican workers, thus forging a closer link with our southern neighbor at a time when any increase in Mexican oil production will offset cost pressures here.

Mercifully, in the freedom-of-information arena, Smith has rung down the curtain on Griffin Bell's extravaganza that so mocked congressional standards for releasing government records, and which had the practical effect of throwing everything onto the public irrespective of adverse effects on public and private sectors alike.

Not a bad induction for six months' quiet effort, right? Hardly a counter-revolution, you say? Wait till you hear the yelps when the ripple effects begin to be felt—say, at the Office of Federal Contract Compliance, when the internal engines for hiring are overhauled on the basis of Smith's law of color/gender-blindness.

■ Politics mavens here are baffled as to why the President insisted on getting into foreign policy in his Chicago tax-reduction speech. His critics will exegete the foreign-policy passages to death, and the focus of public attention which Reagan had assiduously and correctly held on his economic package was unnecessarily diffused. The public mind can only hold one issue at a time, as Reagan knows. The staff people who urged Reagan to get into foreign policy in Chicago are the same ones who prematurely arranged for the AWACS sale to be announced from the White House podium. So, follow your hunches, Mr. President, and your California experience, not the softies on your staff who yield too readily to a press that yearns to call strategy and set agenda.

■ George Bush changes his fabric watchbands daily to match his wardrobe. Is this carrying linkage too far?

—CATO

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who focused on Simon's contributions to economic policy. Without the groundwork laid by Simon in articulating a policy that goes against the Washington grain, said Roberts, the Reagan Administration might still be debating what to do with its unique opportunity to restore the U.S. economy. Our congratulations to William Simon and to the Center for Strategic and International Studies at Georgetown University, where the Chair will reside in perpetuity.

■ In its fluctuating modes, the Iranian theater of revolution has revealed flashes of Gilbert & Sullivan, Harold Lloyd in a Chinese opera, and Torquemada. With the bombing of Islamic Republican Party (IRP) headquarters, the style veered sharply toward the Reign of Terror and Le Grand Guignol. From the beginning it seemed that a rigid theocratic regime could not long govern a volatile, proto-secular nation the size of Iran. Now one doubts the revolutionary party can govern itself. The accelerating spiral could unwind downward in the coming months, or it could precipitate a repressive circling up which could continue for one or two years. So what to watch? Most important is the effect of Ayatollah Beheshti's death on the IRP, which was held together by his personality and relatively steady leadership. Although his successor, Education Minister Hojatoleslam Bahonar, was his close aide, it is doubtful that Beheshti's dominance can be transferred. Everything is personalized in Iran. When the leader goes—or falters, as with the Shah—cracks emerge more quickly than in many other places. Far from being homogeneous, the IRP is lumpy with

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lesser and contentious groups. Second, watch the post-bombing pattern of retaliation. Bahonar says all opposition groups joined the U.S. in a plot to attack the revolution. Blaming the U.S. is de rigueur, but in fact the regime probably has to try to extirpate the opposition groups. Eventually, the revolution may have to eat all its children—though not all at once. Meanwhile, the nighttime execution courts are working full-time—on friends of Bani-Sadr and the Mujahedeen "Islamic Marxists."

■ A publication called *Community Life* published the following correction. "Mai Thai Finn is one of the students in the program and was in the center of the photo. We incorrectly listed her as one of the items on the menu."

■ Pushing ahead with the new Zip Cooo,ooo,ooode is the U.S. Postal $Mooo,ooo,ooonopoly.

■ Our handy pocket calculator can only handle eight digits, so we're not at all sure how the post—uh—person can handle nine. But it is a comfort to know that now there will be enough zip codes so that every American family can have up to ten zips of its own. Think of it. You can have one zip for personal correspondence, one for business, one for love letters, one for the family pet, three or four for unwanted junk mail, and maybe one or two unlisted zips. Perhaps they'll even sell personalized zips up to nine letters, along the lines of personalized license plates.

■ Iranian officials report growing shortages of rifle bullets and Iranians.

■ If you like your doomsaying unvarnished, by all means fork over $195 for Harry Shultz's videocassettes featuring the advice of "Air Vice Marshall S. W. B. Menaul, who, as commander of England's troops during WW II, *survived numerous nuclear attacks*." A steal.

■ The finest French wines, usually rare on world markets, are becoming increasingly available. Which means that a lot of the French are thinking about their new socialist government, and getting their liquid assets out of the country.

■ EDITOR'S NOTE: The practice at *NR* is not to interfere in any way with reviewers' copy, save obviously where clarification of meaning or strictly editorial problems present themselves. Because of the unfolding story of Jacobo Timerman, whose book, *Prisoner without a Name, Cell without a Number*, is reviewed by Selden Rodman on page 846, we deem it appropriate to note that Mr. Rodman's review was written before it transpired that, indeed, Mr. Timerman's arrest was the result not of his newspaper's editorials, not of his Jewishness, but of his suspected complicity with his business partner, David Graiver, who was associated with the terrorist Montoneros. The full story is given in the current *Commentary* by Mark Falcoff. Since *Commentary*'s publication of that article, tapes of the interrogation have been released, substantiating the motivation of the arrest and documenting that the interrogation of Mr. Timerman centered for the first days on the possibility of his own involvement in his partner's other activities. None of the above, which goes unmentioned in Mr. Timerman's book, mitigates in any way the cruelty of Timerman's captors, nor the contemptibility of the antisemitic dimension of the whole miserable business. —ED.

Supreme Court Choice

President Reagan has nominated a high-achieving Sunbelt conservative Republican to fill a vacancy on the Supreme Court. Judge Sandra Day O'Connor is also a woman, thus fulfilling one of Reagan's campaign promises. (President Reagan, be it noticed, is setting some sort of historic record for honoring campaign promises, a fact that suggests both integrity and philosophical consistency.)

Sandra O'Connor was third in her class at Stanford Law School, a class in which Justice Rehnquist was first, and served on the *Stanford Law Review*. To Reagan, a Californian, it must have been an added satisfaction to name a Stanford Law graduate, and a native Westerner. First appointed and then elected on her own to two terms, Mrs. O'Connor rose to become majority leader of the Arizona State Senate, the first woman in the nation to occupy such a post. She now sits on the Arizona Court of Appeals, the state's second highest court, where she has established a record for legal precision and toughness on law-and-order.

Opposition to Mrs. O'Connor's nomination is coming chiefly from the anti-abortion people. The Archdiocese of New York is said to have lobbied against the nomination on anti-abortion grounds, and after the announcement the Reverend Jerry Falwell predicted that "church people" would desert the President in "droves"—presumably to join the nascent presidential campaigns of Walter Mondale and Ted Kennedy. The National Right-to-Life Committee cried betrayal, citing Reagan's campaign pledge to appoint "pro-life" Justices.

But the notion that Judge O'Connor is pro-abortion rests on very slender evidence. She has not been especially voluble on the issue. In 1973, as a state

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legislator, she opposed an anti-abortion amendment to a bill on the grounds that it was "not germane" to the legislation. The Arizona state constitution forbids non-germane amendments. Similar legal scruples could easily have argued a negative vote on *Roe* v. *Wade*. Judge O'Connor's record is one of judicial restraint and deference to the legislative branch on law-making, and after interviewing her the President expressed his satisfaction with her views.

Strategically, the anti-abortion people, if they persist in opposition, will put on a demonstration of political weakness. Many who oppose abortion to one or another degree will go along with the nomination on the basis of the nominee's overall record, and because she is Reagan's nominee. The opposition will be small, and look isolated. For many conservatives, moreover —like it or not—the anti-abortion cause is not the sine qua non of political virtue.

Another objection to the nomination lies in the "tokenism" and "affirmative action" area, and it arose during the campaign when Reagan promised to nominate a woman. A couple of things might be said about that. Unless it is maintained that a woman can never serve on the Court, it follows that "a woman" must be appointed *sometime*, and at that time she will be the only woman on the Court, and look like a token woman. Nor is it true, historically, that Presidents nominate only the very best judicial minds in the nation to the Court. The Court has always been partially political, and partially symbolic. Reagan's political and historical judgment obviously indicated to him that it was time to have a woman on the Supreme Court.

Now, Reagan will soon, maybe tomorrow, have the opportunity to make further nominations. In the case of at least two of the present Justices, it is a coin-toss each morning whether they report to the office or to the intensive-care unit. And one of the best legal minds of this or any other era, Robert Bork, has left Yale Law School, where he was Alexander Bickel Professor of Law, and has joined a law firm in Washington. Just thought we'd mention it.

Reviving the Fourth?

President Reagan is even doing his best to revive the Fourth of July, to restore it to something other than just one more long weekend. As he remembers, in a set of reflections written at Camp David and published widely around July 4, the celebration of the Fourth when he was growing up was second in importance only to Christmas.

The celebration of the Declaration of Independence fell upon bad days in the years after World War II, and not only because Americans suddenly realized that fireworks can be dangerous. They had *always* known *that*. The decline of the Fourth had to do with the sense that patriotism was a bit embarrassing, that it was, well, nationalism, which was bad. Much play was made with the word "ethnocentrism," which was also obviously bad, and which meant that you preferred your own culture to others'. In those postwar years we were supposed to be for "mankind," for the United Nations, and, indeed, one of the hit photographic exhibits of the period featured the lined visages of Bolivians and Indians and was called "The Family of Man." Schoolchildren stopped saying the pledge of allegiance, and, of course, school prayers also went.

But in this summer of 1981, things may be changing. Americans look out across the world and they see an assortment of butchers and tyrants, the Ayatollah being only one example.

"In recent years," writes Reagan of the Fourth, "I've come to see that day as more than just the birthday of a nation. It also commemorates the only true philosophical revolution in all history. Oh, there have been revolutions before and since ours. But those revolutions simply exchanged one set of rules for another. Ours was a revolution that changed the very concept of government."

Our ancestors knew that. And now Reagan is saying it. Things may be looking up for the Fourth of July.

The Vance-Ball Ploy

Cyrus Vance's pronouncement inveighing against the Reagan Administration's announced willingness to consider sales of arms to China on a case-by-case basis was marked by a vigor absent from his utterances since the time three years back when, as Secretary of State, he hailed President Jimmy Carter and President Leonid Brezhnev's identity of dreams and aspirations for the future. George Ball's follow-on essay in the *Washington Post*, assailing the Reagan Administration for obsessions about the Soviet Union as an adversary, displayed hyperbole and rancor in place of his accustomed urbanity.

Clearly, these two wheelhorses of bygone Democratic times were chomping and charged with contention. The outbursts, taken at face value, would seem to signal a partisan confrontation of appreciable proportions on foreign policy. It was, however, a functionary identified no less than Vance with the previous Administration, namely Zbigniew Brzezinski, who rebutted Vance by interpreting the decision on military sales as a logical corollary to initiatives launched by Carter. Eugene Rostow, moreover, a Democrat of pedigree to match Ball's (both were Under Secretaries of State in the Kennedy and Johnson years), is

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perhaps the Reagan Administration's most articulate expounder of the strategic policies that prompted Ball's hand-wringing. So domestic implications are subject to discount.

Effects abroad are something else. Note the parallels between the cited discourses and the line of argument pressed by the Soviet Union among the United States' allies. Vance and Ball are respected in those quarters. In that connection, Ball's manifest exaggerations are all to the good in that their tendency must be to diminish the credibility that his views might otherwise enjoy.

Bold Weevils?

Phil Gramm (D., Tex.) is co-author of the Reagan budget resolution in the House, and informal leader of the 29 Southern conservative Democrats ("boll weevils") who broke party ranks to put the budget over the top. Not surprisingly, he and his friends have been getting a lot of Democratic flak, up to and including accusations of disloyalty.

In fact, the boll weevils *are* disloyal—disloyal to the Democratic leadership as it has been constituted for the last dozen years, and as it is likely to be for the foreseeable future. For the Democratic Party, once the great circus tent of American politics—whose 1924 convention was rent by, of all things, a struggle between pro- and anti-Klansmen—has become a monochromatic institution, a remnant of isolationist, redistributionist liberalism. Each leftward lurch leaves some constituency behind, like the discarded skins of a molting garter snake. Intellectual and middle-class Jews were the most recent defectors (whence neoconservatism). Phil Gramm now receives, in liberal Democratic circles, the obloquy that once was poured out on Norman Podhoretz.

The logical thing, of course, would be for Gramm and his fellows to join a conservative Republican Party, not merely to assist it. But don't count on it. "My grandmother was a Democrat," Gramm explained to one interviewer. "She called the Republicans 'the party of Yankee aggression.'" It's a pity that a man who has unlearned Keynes will not unlearn Appomattox.

Death Watch

Twelve months left for the ERA
Before they cart the corpse away,
But still they gather in the gloom
Like zombies massed before a tomb.
Somehow the ladies and their ilk
Can't see a dead fish in the milk,
So watch them play the final scene
As Bella bangs her tambourine.

W. H. VON DREELE

The MX Question

MX—the Air Force's sprawling project to preserve the United States' second-strike capability from being overtaken by the Soviet Union's steadily multiplying jumbo intercontinental missiles—is in trouble with some of the most articulate congressional supporters of national defense, especially those from Nevada and Utah, prospective sites for the system. Senator John Tower, chairman of the Armed Services Committee, directed prudent words their way the other day: Wait for the report by the Pentagon's pertinent high-level commission under Dr. Charles Townes, the noted physicist, before swearing irreversible opposition, because the choice in the last analysis may be MX or nothing.

Time is an inexorable factor in strategic defense. At an earlier juncture, a superpower strategic standoff based on high but equal numbers of relatively low-powered weapons might conceivably have been possible, but the Soviet side got too far committed too soon on a jumbo system. U.S. adoption of a multiple-aim-point system in response five years or so ago might have obviated any need for even considering the MX expedient. Even yet, some more wieldy combination of capabilities may prove both feasible and adequate. Anybody can hope; but if and when it gets down to a case of MX or nothing, it will have to be MX.

Have Gun, Will Travel

In 1974, Philip Agee, a former CIA agent, held a press conference in London to announce a "campaign to fight the United States CIA wherever it is operating, . . . to expose CIA officers and agents, and to take the measures necessary to drive them out of the countries where they are operating." Agee followed through on his program, and in 1979, after his latest outrage, the State Department revoked his passport. Agee challenged the move, won his case in two lower courts, only to be rebuffed last month by the Supreme Court.

Agee's legal arguments were distinctly underwhelming. The State Department had invoked an administrative gloss on the relevant law—a gloss never challenged by Congress—permitting revocation in cases where the passport holder's "activities abroad are causing or are likely to cause serious damage to the national security." Agee wrapped himself in the First Amendment, and Justice Brennan argued that the Constitution protects "both popular and unpopular

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travelers." Chief Justice Burger replied that speech and travel had nothing to do with it: Agee was being deprived of his passport not for his speech, or his opinions, but for his actions: "disclosures having the declared purpose of obstructing intelligence operations."

Which raises the question, If his actions are so bad (and they are), why hasn't he been summoned to court for them? "The right to travel freely," Whittaker Chambers wrote when Alger Hiss applied for a passport in 1959, "is a fundamental *right* of citizens. . . . Today you deny the passport to Robeson or Hiss. Tomorrow, with, oh, so slight a shift in the turning political wheel, and their crowd or some other denies it to you; with good precedent, which you established. . . . Only under conditions of actual war, or special circumstances (a case in being or in prospect), should government have the power to trammel its citizens' rights to free transit." Agee broke a contract, which all CIA agents make, not to reveal secrets without clearance. His revelations have blown the cover of many agents, and led to the death of at least one. Revoking his passport is like jailing Al Capone for tax evasion. But where is the missing law?

Bad Thoughts on Mao

China's Great Leap Forward in the mid-1950s was in fact a retrograde spasm, and the Cultural Revolution launched a decade later was a protracted Halloween loosed on a hapless population by a misguided despot and a squad of giddy toadies. Such was what we said and believed of each phenomenon at the time, but it is nice now to have the mighty Mao Tse-tung's heinousness put in proper proportion—first by a group of academics in Washington, who last week classed Mao as among the ten most malevolent tyrants in history, a list that begins with Caligula and ends with Idi Amin; and second, by none other than the sixth plenary session of the Eleventh Central Committee of the Chinese Communist Party, held at mid-year in Peking. Pragmatism is said now to be the watchword—dogmatic excesses have been disowned—as Deng Xiaoping's protégé, Hu Yaobang, takes over as Party Chairman, replacing Hua Guofeng, Mao's handpicked successor.

A 35,000-word resolution on "certain questions in the history of our party"—substantial portions of it in English translation have been released by the New China News Service—purports to set guidelines for a reformed future under new management. Old milestones become kidney stones in the revised perspective. The erstwhile infallible Mao is portrayed as all too human and therefore error-prone but, despite now discernible flaws, worthy of a place in the Pantheon—a lesser god than once thought, but a god still. The system which deified him escapes reproach. The resolution takes pains to vindicate the mystic and exclusive validity of scientific Marxism-Leninism-Maoism, even with the third element of the godhead lopped off. The new dispensation does not foreclose the possibility of a trinitarian restoration one fine day. Maoist apologists in the West, left in the lurch by recent turns, will have dusted themselves off in time to get aboard again.

Scoundrel Time

It would have taken a demented mind indeed to think up the present-day Soviet Union. So great are its habitual transgressions against decency that you sound perverted if you speak of them before they are generally known. Add to all this the liberal aversion to speaking ill of anything that calls itself socialist, and you get an unwarranted reticence on Soviet crimes.

Things are changing. There was the little incident of Major James Holbrook, an army attaché, whom the Soviets tried to blackmail into spying for them. Despite compromising photos, he had the guts to refuse, leaving us to wonder how many others don't.

The days are gone when being a Communist could be a matter of Dostoyevskian torment, as for Whittaker Chambers, or even social climbing, as for Alger Hiss. No longer do Western economists expect the Soviet economy to burst forth in prodigies of production and consumerist ecstasy. Nobody, any more, congratulates the Russian people on at least having thrown

Langdon, *Punch* Rothco

"Difficult enough being Mafioso and Catholic—now they want me to infiltrate the Masons."

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The Boll Weevils

Their grandmas hated Yankees;
  Their daddies went for Ike.
The current politicians
  Are congressmen I like.
If Reagan works his wonders
  I'm certain we shall see
Boll weevil centers hatching
  Within the GOP.

W. H. VON DREELE

off czarism. And it's been months since we heard that the Soviets had invaded Afghanistan "defensively."

One man—Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn—led the change, and let us do him the honor of not assuming that it would have happened anyway.

Eventually the empiricists catch up with the poets, and recent Western studies have found the Soviet Union in a vast health crisis. Abortion, alcoholism, and similar afflictions testify to the near-total degeneration of Soviet life. In the February *Harper's*, George Feifer (a harsh critic of Solzhenitsyn, by the way) describes the terrible demoralization of ordinary Russians: they spend much of their time scrounging for food, waiting in lines, paying bribes, or connecting with the country's various black markets. And they are utterly cynical about the socialist elite, even about socialism itself.

The dream is dead. Even the bleak greyness of a John Le Carré seems to lavish precious ambiguity on a system that is now reduced to utter crudity: force, threats, blackmail. The Soviet "leadership" is a nuclear mafia. It has no more excuses, and few excusers.

The Eighties will be a dangerous decade. But the West, though relatively weaker than it has ever been, has one huge new asset: lucidity has set in.

A Strike against Baseball

A strike has closed down major-league baseball, this time at length, and even the fans are becoming educated into the technicalities of formerly arcane issues like free-agent compensation.

The game has been redefining itself off the field for years. Teams have moved from city to city; both leagues have expanded and split into two divisions; players have won the right to jump from team to team, in accordance with their market value. The instability of it all has only increased the interest. Attendance has shot up—in most big-league cities, though not all. As free-agency has raised salaries too—the average player today makes more, in real dollars, than many Hall-of-Famers ever dreamed of—the owners have occasionally felt a certain crunch.

Neither the owners nor the players face starvation. But the economic dynamics of free-agency favors the rich teams so heavily that many of the less wealthy ones are being left far behind, and some may have to fold. The point of the game, of course, is to win. But its interest lies in the drama of reasonably tight competition.

The issue is not, as George Will sportively suggests, socialism. Boxing has weight divisions, tennis and golf gender divisions, to ensure that the competitors are roughly comparable. If baseball's present structure is going to hold, it may have to impose restraints on the flow of stars to the biggest teams. There is a case for that position.

Then again, preserving that structure may not be in the best interests of everyone. The players clearly feel it is not. Both sides are willing to try to make their position stick, so have at it. The strike isn't just an interruption of the game: at this point it *is* the game. One thing is already clear: baseball moves even more slowly off the field than on.

However the strike is resolved, though, the sport will lose even more of its carefully preserved redolence of an older, more rural America, where country boys, cheeks bulging with chaws of tobacco, bearing nicknames like Vinegar Bend and Catfish, or even real names like Enos and Mickey, played a leisurely game.

That TV Boycott

Well, as a matter of fact, it worked—and it worked because it had to do with a lot more than what has been happening on the television screen. The Coalition for Better Television threatened a nationwide boycott of the commercial sponsors of sex-and-violence TV shows. The networks and the sponsors blinked first, and the boycott was called off after successful negotiations. In fact, the Coalition may have done TV a favor by letting it know what is going on in the nation right now.

According to the show-biz magazine *Variety*, the networks will quietly cut back on sex-and-violence prime-time shows. "Some advertisers," said *Variety*, "may continue to keep their spots out of ABC's titillating sitcoms *Three's Company* and *Too Close for Comfort*." Sponsors were also raising questions about CBS's moving *Magnum P.I.* up to 8 P.M., an hour when presumably youngsters are still watching the tube. And NBC was said to be facing buyer resistance to its "adult soap opera" *Flamingo Road*.

In fact, there must be an audience-appeal time lag where these shows and others like them are concerned. Had there existed mass demand for them, the boycott would never have worked, let alone the threatened boycott. Nor is there, as Norman Lear kept shouting, any threat to his First Amendment rights. He can produce any show he desires. The government will not

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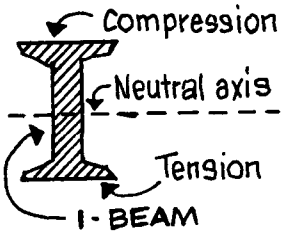
interfere. But he will have to raise the money to produce it, either his own or others'.

Much more than television is at stake in this whole collision. The assorted revolutions of the Sixties produced pluses and minuses, and the culture is now beginning to try to clean up the minuses. The Sixties, as pluses, produced the boutique and some relaxation of dress codes and, in general, of manners. The so-called sexual revolution, however, also diluted for many the possibility of serious personal relations. The pendulum is swinging back, inevitably. A man like Norman Lear apparently thought he was some sort of Peter Zenger, a genuine free-press hero, but he has only been a huckster, out of tune with changing taste.

Notes & Asides

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Re the first sentence of one of M. Stanton Evans's "Lawmakers" columns, which began: "Lincoln said it: . . . 'When you see eye-beams hoisted . . .'"???



I am familiar with "I" beams (but I don't think Lincoln was)—first in cast iron and then steel, and rarely used in wood houses. Lincoln saw beams, girders, rafters, etc., but what the hell is an eye-beam except that which you fix on some blonde in a bikini? Elucidate for a very ancient architect.

Frank Roehr
Wilsonville, Ore.

Dear Mr. Roehr: The use of "eye" for "I" is common in telegraphic communications, as in: "Please ship me four eye-beams before eye go nuts." Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

The pleasure of reading NATIONAL REVIEW has been marred by my heightened awareness of authors' inconsistency in use of the possessive. On the negative side I cite Mr. de Camara's writing of "Ricks's" and "Lewis'" in the same paragraph. On the positive side it was a pleasure to read Mr. Lukacs' "Theroux'" in the next issue.

Surely correct and consistent use of the possessive form for words ending with *s*, *z*, and *x* is so fundamental to good written English that your editorial staff should have the power to correct authors' errors, just as a missing word, period, or comma would be attended to, with or without consulting the author. Would an author be terribly upset at NATIONAL REVIEW's removal of those superfluous *s*'s? If so, perhaps it is a worthwhile price to pay for grammatical consistency and the removal of a source of irritation to readers such as myself.

Sincerely yours,
Peter B. Humphrey
New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Humphrey: We do it here by sound. If you hear the extra *s*, write it. Cordially, WFB

Dear Mr. Buckley:

I am astonished and pleased to see the interest shown in apostrophes, grammar, and usage in "Notes & Asides." Mr. Hoffman and Dr. Rook have instructed me, have made Strunk's—not my—rule and his exceptions almost rigorous in logic.

However, the example given by Mr. Hoffman, *states rights*, has bothered me for some time and still does. Following the rule, the form should be *states' rights*, with the apostrophe after the *s*. *States* is plural: rights of states. An acceptable alternative would be *state-rights*, the plural of the formed compound: those rights pertaining to a state. But *states rights* follows no rule at all.

Dr. Rook's suggestion that the noun may be used directly as a modifier of another noun is good—as far as it goes. The noun-modifier is terse and to the point. However, a caveat: One of the most deadly, stultifying forms used in technical writing is the run-on noun-modifier: *Distillate receiver valve controller position indicator modification program*. That is not English; it is German. I have slogged through even deadlier examples in my technical reading, but that is the best—worst—that comes promptly to mind.

Stylistically yours,
W. M. Woods
Oak Ridge, Tenn.

P.S.: I am responsible for the apostrophes in the names

Demographics

Like sand in an hourglass, citizens slide
From Michigan southward to work alongside
Houstonians humming with sunshine and cash,
While Lansing looks more like the '29 crash.
As soon as they settle, the gals learn to bake
Corn bread and, of course, Lady Baltimore cake,
While men switch to mash without batting an eye
And give the Republican Party a try.

W. H. VON DREELE

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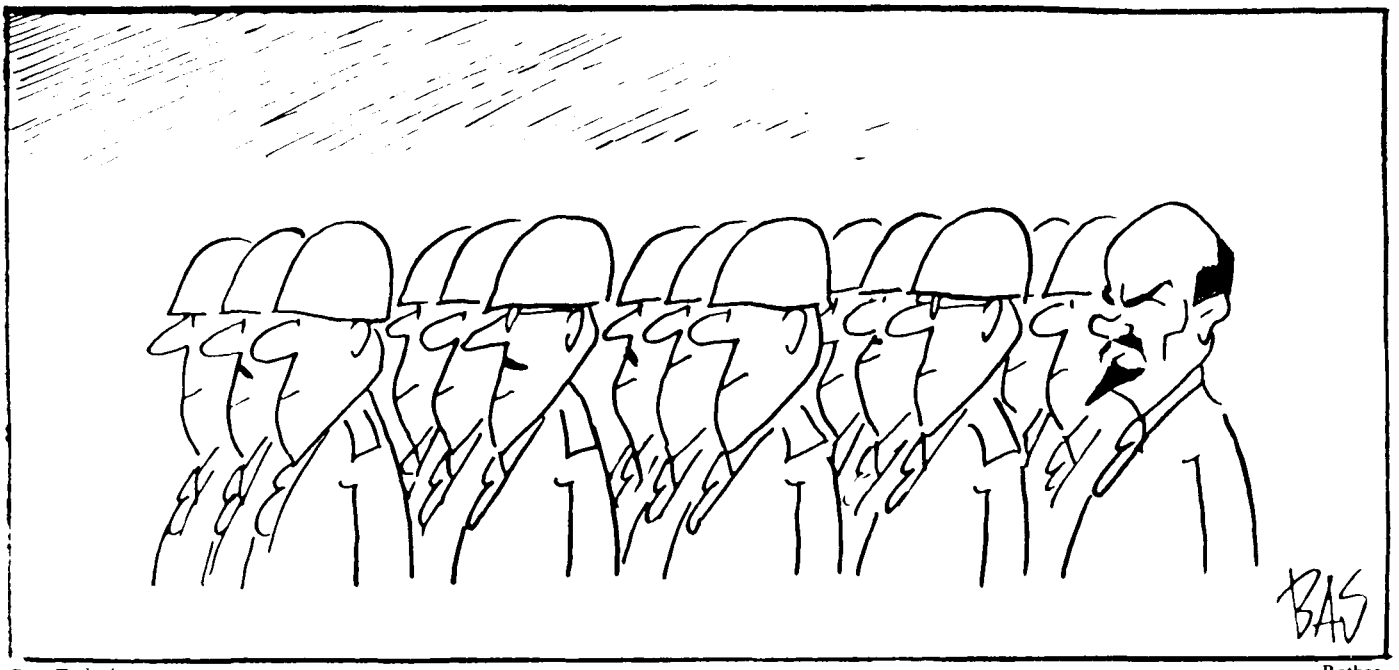

Bas, *Tachydromos* Rothco

NATO

of two magazines: *Reader's Digest* and *Writer's Digest*. If that is not immortality, it will have to do until something better comes along.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Anent your observation: ". . . it will cause the president of Libya to smile upon us as he lubricates his megaphones . . ." Isn't your metaphor a bit lubricious? Certainly quite mixed up.

Yours,
Auburn J. Lamb
Silver Spring, Md.

Dear Mr. Lamb: Don't rusty megaphones need lubrication? Or is there a newfangled way to make the switches slide smoothly? Advise. Cordially, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Alas, a twenty-year span of faithful readership seems destined for an untimely end.

Having moved to the Seattle area recently, I deemed it my civic, if not sacred, duty to check out some of the seamier sections and report to you, à la D. Keith Mano. The article which I submitted to your editors ("Saturnalia in Seattle") was, I assure you, infinitely superior to the sordid ramblings of Mano.

My manuscript was returned over the signature of one Kevin Lynch, who had the effrontery to suggest that my piece might be more suitable for a travel magazine.

I ask you, with all due respect, to imagine a travel mag printing the following tidbits:

1. Seattle has its own Wall of Democracy in the heart of the downtown area, where one may find: "America spells relief—Revolution" alongside such epithets as: "Shiites are shitty."

2. First Avenue, the porno district, is where George C. Scott should have looked for his daughter (*Hardcore*, in case you missed it).

3. At a certain establishment (the American Sexuality Society) one may pay $80 to enter "Part One" (Part Two comes later), the activities of which are confined solely to: modeling clay! One prospective "john" was suspect (as a possible vice officer) when he used his clay to make a model of a Corvette instead of something "kinky."

4. The "religious" rites at the Venusian Church on First Avenue involve sex acts (to become a "lay" member, you agree to lay, naturally). Spectators (worshippers?) enter booths in which a curtain is raised for three minutes by insertion of a special coin (supplied by willing attendants). The coin? Not a quarter, not a half-dollar, but—a Susan B. Anthony dollar! Ms. Anthony would turn over in her grave . . .

Well, to top it all off, I was caught in a police raid while worshipping at the Venusian Church. Me, a former Baptist deacon. It should happen to Andy Young. Or better yet, to you and your insouciant little group.

May a thousand camels pee in your inkpots.

Regretfully,
Harold E. Foss
Auburn, Wash.

Dear Mr. Foss: Better we should lose you than all our readers in Seattle. Cordially, **—WFB**

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The Current WISDOM

No Foreign Policy?

WINSTON

THE WASHINGTON press corps runs in a pack; this was never more evident than in the recent brouhaha over Reagan's foreign policy and its assorted alleged deficiencies. "The storm is obviously coming," James Reston warned darkly, charging the Administration with foreign policy "misconduct," no less. Joe Kraft, Joseph C. Harsh, and even, alas, Norman Miller of the *Wall Street Journal* all engaged in handwringing of varying torque. Let's take a look at the bill of indictment, and see whether it is a true bill.

1. *Reagan has no foreign policy* ("except for his anti-Soviet reflexes," wryly adds Senator Paul Tsongas, doubtless still chafing over Al Haig's confirmation). On its face, this reproach is quite literally incredible. In fewer than six months, Ronald Reagan has: restored economic and military ties with Chile and Argentina; held conciliatory meetings with Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau and President José López Portillo; cemented ties with South Korea; got an agreement from Margaret Thatcher that would move the British (and the French) to supplement our rapid deployment force with their naval power in the Persian Gulf; deftly negotiated the sale of F-15 parts to the Saudis and more F-15 fighters to the Israelis; extended military and economic aid to El Salvador; curtailed aid to Nicaragua after it not unexpectedly turned toward totalitarianism in the wake of Somoza's overthrow; declaimed against Soviet aid to Guyana and Grenada; enraptured Helmut Schmidt and pointed him in the right direction (so essential to tightening up sagging ties with our NATO allies); committed the U.S. to theater nuclear force reduction talks and—if the Soviets behave—to START (strategic arms reductions talks) later; struck a balance between South Africa's wish to be secure and black Africa's wish to be independent (Namibia); booted Libyan diplomats out of Washington; agreed in principle to sell lethal arms to the People's Republic of China; acknowledged electronic monitoring of the Soviets on the Sino-Soviet border; leaned successfully on Japan to increase its defense budget; offered a $3-billion (not peanuts) military/economic aid package to Pakistan; skillfully negotiated a UN statement on the Iraq-Israel encounter; negotiated the withdrawal of Syrian missiles from Lebanon; reached an agreement on a Sinai multinational force; and restated the Reagan/Haig leitmotif that Soviet Communism is atrophying.

AN INCOMPLETE induction, but you get the drift. All accomplished in fewer than six months. Ronald Reagan has replaced Jimmy Carter's diplomacy of inertia with a diplomacy of initiative. Once again the United States has a psychic presence in the international community, an uncommonly good feeling, although not without an occasional *frisson*. After all, we have been living in Jimmy Carter's low-stimulus cocoon for four years.

2. *Reagan's foreign policy is oversimple*, which translates as: You cannot erect anti-Sovietism as your foreign-policy pivot. There is no denying that the focus of Reagan's foreign policy has indeed been held on the Soviet Union. Is this justified? Shall we go through the Soviet encroachment litany again? For openers: twenty thousand Cuban proxies in Angola, with a like number in Ethiopia, and many Soviet military advisors in Libya helping oddball Colonel Qaddafi seek Moslem suzerainty over Chad et al.; SS-20s deployed in the Soviet Union, and pointed at the entrails of Europe; the ongoing attempt to rape Afghanistan with 85,000 soldiers; and the conceivably imminent invasion of Poland. No matter how you box the compass, the ineluctable fact is that the Soviet Union is the dominant threat to Western interests and to the Free World. Any realistic diplomacy must give priority emphasis to that stark reality.

3. *The U.S. is crowding the Soviets too much*. If Ronald Reagan is bent on putting together a geopolitical coalition of nations wishing to plan their destiny untrammeled by the Soviet Union, then he had better use the language and action of leadership (as he generally has), and not the anemic, or mealy-mouthed, or euphemistic jargon and performance of Jimmy Carter.

Finally, the question can be put, What has the so-called strident Reagan rhetoric and action against the Soviets actually produced? Answer: Brezhnev has been calling for a start of nuclear missile talks in Europe. "We are ready to sit down at the negotiating table on that issue even tomorrow," says Leonid. What does Cy Vance say to that?

4. *The U.S. is crowding the Soviets in the wrong way*. For example, Vance argues that our arms proposals for China have "virtually removed any influence we have left over the Soviet Union. We played the China card in no-trump." Cute phrasing but bad logic. The China card has not been played. Rather the hand has been dealt. The stage has been set. We are ready to start. No delays. We can now decide on a case-by-case basis what to sell the Chinese. Besides consolidating the Sino-American relationship, the arms understanding has also increased the reality of our deterrent against the Soviets.

5. *Reagan has no comprehensive foreign policy*. This translates as, We have no motif for our foreign policy. Like "brinksmanship," or "detente," or "gunboat diplomacy," or "containment." Lacking same, the navel (as in belly button) contemplators have nothing to ponder, to pick at, to deplore, or to laud. Tough. Reagan wants to avoid umbrella semantics on the premise that they restrict and/or mislead. (Detente is a rich instance in point.) What is actually happening, however, is both comprehensive and organized. The U.S. is assembling a coalition of nations which wish to be independent of Soviet encroachment, a coalition of freedom-loving peoples, if you will. You still want a motif semantic? Try global *entente*. That should keep the armchair strategists thumbsucking. □

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Currents of History

The Protracted Conflict

BRIAN CROZIER

In Paris, between the presidential election rounds, the highly intelligent editor of a highly conservative magazine refused to concede the possibility of a victory for François Mitterrand on the ground that it would be contrary to the current of history.

It would be consoling if history were invariably kind to conservatives, but it is not. The wrong turn history took in 1917 is still with us, still leaving its trail of mass brutality and cultural barbarism. As for the present current, it is in reality a conflicting mass of cross-currents, dangerous to those caught up in them and disconcerting to observers.

Some of us thought the advent of Mrs. Thatcher did indeed signal a new conservative current in the West, and the advent of Ronald Reagan could be seen to support this view. Elsewhere, alas, the current in many cases is flowing in the contrary direction. France has a Socialist president; Germany has an increasingly Left-dominated coalition; the Socialist Party is the strongest single grouping in post-Franco Spain; scandals and inefficiency could eventually bring the Socialist Craxi to power in Italy; while in Portugal the mysterious plane crash of December 4, 1980 robbed the promising young conservative candidate Sá Carneiro of his life, and brought the increasingly left-leaning General Eanes a further term as president.

This is a depressing picture. As another French friend of mine, Georges Albertini, puts it: Socialism is Communism in homeopathic doses. Each return of a Socialist administration, anywhere, brings more of the doses, making the process increasingly difficult to reverse.

In Britain, we know all about this. It is relatively easy to nationalize an industry, and awfully difficult to denationalize it. The Conservatives did denationalize steel, but Labor, back in power, re-nationalized it, so that now the British steel industry loses astronomical sums yearly and a Scots-born American top executive has had to be brought over to salvage what he can.

In France, Mitterrand threatens (to his followers, promises) to nationalize all credit, banking, and insurance institutions, plus the nine biggest industries. It is a safe bet that within a year or two the French, who had so greatly prospered under a relatively free economy, will find themselves deeply in debt and up to their necks in inflation. When this happens, Mr. Average French Voter will be asking himself whether this is what he really wanted. And it will be too late.

The most socialist regime of them all, the Soviet one, bogged down in its own, built-in inefficiency, buys grain from the U.S. to feed its poverty-stricken citizens, and greedily accepts Western and Japanese technology to step up the threatening power of its awesome military machine. That, at any rate, is one thing socialism is pretty good at: the wartime economy in peacetime.

Reflecting more than two decades ago on the essential fragility of the party democratic process, on what might be called its ingrained frivolity, I came to the unpopular conclusion that it was going to break down and that the best political brains ought to merge their insights to produce something more durable before the homeopathic doses of socialism or the more brutal advent of Communism extinguished liberty forever. (The outcome of this dangerous thought process was *The Minimum State*, published by Hamish Hamilton in London in 1979, but not yet in the United States.)

Welfare State

The problem, hitherto unsolved, is that in industrialized societies, those interested in security and equality tend to outnumber those who value liberty and opportunity. Hence bureaucracies wax and welfare becomes institutionalized, its recipients preferring permanent idleness at the expense of the productive taxpayers to the risks and challenges of an unsubsidized economy.

President Reagan's bold economic experiment, designed to sweep away the entrenched attitudes of half a century, *must* succeed, as this could well be the last chance to reverse the march of socialism. It was perhaps unkind of Donald Regan to speak of avoiding the mistakes of early Thatcherism just when the lady happened to be paying a visit to Washington, but he was doing no more than speaking the truth. (She may well be winning now, by the way, but it is still too early to say so with confidence.)

In these cross-currents, the oddest paradoxes occur. One is the belated discovery by our common enemy that socialism in outlying provinces of the empire is becoming too costly a burden for the Soviet economy to bear, even with its well-tempered machinery for grinding the faces of the silent poor.

Cash from the West

The heaviest of these distant burdens, and the longest in duration, is Cuba, which costs the Soviet imperialists $10 billion a year (or $2 or $3 per head per day). But some of the newer burdens must be beginning to hurt. Vietnam costs about $1 million a day, and Afghanistan about the same.

Faced with these painful facts, the Soviets have revived, in modified form, the old ploy of getting the capitalists to pay for Communism. Thus Nicaragua, increasingly a Soviet military base and hell-bent for totalism, is going slow on grabbing the private sector of the economy. The idea is to attract American investment capital, while the Sandinista political dictatorship consolidates.

Much the same, incidentally, is happening in Zimbabwe: a Marxist president turning to the capitalist West for cash. The ploy is ingenious: something like Lenin's New Economic Policy for outer reaches of the empire. This, after all, is what the great Soviet Union itself has been doing in the years of detente: arming itself to the teeth with the West's money and technology.

It will be interesting to see whether the foreign-policy papers now being prepared within the Reagan Administration will address this critical issue. The whole business of aid and trade for hostile regimes needs careful scrutiny and drastic cuts. □

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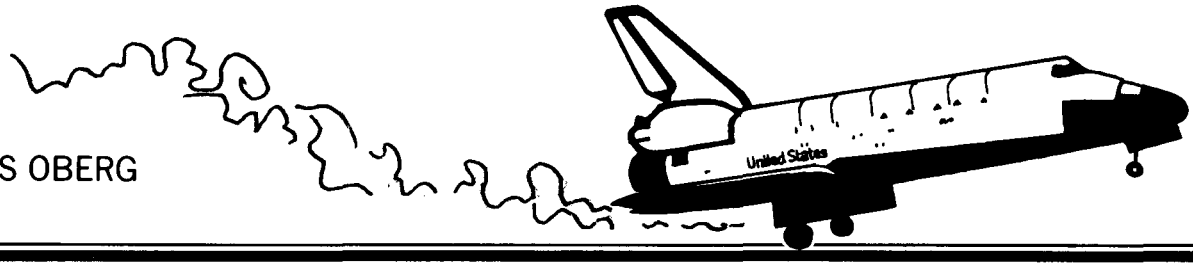
The Space Shuttle AND SOVIET PROPAGANDA

JAMES OBERG



WHILE AMERICA'S *Columbia* Space Shuttle marked a revolution in rocket transportation with its spectacular space fireworks, Soviet propagandists were launching a campaign of space fireworks of their own. In a display of hypocrisy exceptional even by Soviet standards, Moscow has attempted to smear the U.S. space success with allegations of ominous military purposes.

"We Soviet people, in particular cosmonauts," intoned chief Soviet space pilot Vladimir Shatalov on March 26, "are pained to hear that some people in the United States are trying to use space technology for military purposes . . ." Leonid Brezhnev laid a not-so-subtle accusation against the *Columbia* at a ceremony a few days after the flight; with a perfectly straight face, he declared, "May the shoreless cosmic ocean be pure and free of weapons of any kind."

The transgressor against this noble aim, at least in the view of the Kremlin, is the United States Space Shuttle. Soviet press coverage was explicit: progress reports of the mission were carried under such headlines as "threat of militarization of space." No technical details (such as the size or weight or altitude of the *Columbia*) appeared; all Soviet readers learned was that the Pentagon had taken control of the project for nefarious purposes.

"Already in the first flight, a large part of its program will be of purely military character," reported Radio Moscow a week before launch. *Red Star*, the official Red Army newspaper, wrote that "The first *Columbia* crew is to check the reliability of a laser weapon sighting device." Neither claim is true, but Soviet news organs claimed—again falsely—that they had obtained the information from American newspapers. Further fabrications appeared during the flight—for example, when Radio Moscow announced that "people in the Pentagon are gleefully rubbing their hands—after all, more than two-thirds of the Shuttle flights are to be made in the Pentagon's interest. . . . The Pentagon sees the Shuttle in the role of an omnipotent and insatiable space pirate." (The Department of Defense has booked about a third of the Shuttle's missions, primarily as a replacement for satellite launch services currently being provided by expendable Titan, Atlas, and Thor boosters.)

Particularly amusing were Soviet attempts to paint *Columbia* co-pilot Robert Crippen as some sort of orbital Genghis Khan: according to TASS, the 43-year old computer expert is "a representative of a new profession . . . 'military astronaut.' The inclusion in the crew of a specialist of this type is added evidence of the big attention shown by the Pentagon in the 'Shuttle' program." On cue, Eastern European newspapers dutifully echoed this theme, and they were subsequently quoted approvingly by *Pravda* as confirming Moscow's worst suspicions about Crippen's mission.

The ground for this anti-Shuttle propaganda campaign was prepared earlier this year when within the space of a single month the Moscow news media carried five separate stories about the alleged American initiatives to militarize outer space while laying down a smokescreen about a "mythical Soviet threat" in space. This was followed by a series of public statements by veteran space pilots, including General Vladimir Shatalov.

EARLIER, ON December 24, *Red Star* had run an in-depth analysis by M. Zinkovsky of U.S. beam-weapons research, entitled "The Pentagon's 'Radiation Sickness.'" After a straightforward catalogue of projects as described in the Western press, the article closed with a discussion of space-borne laser weapons: "Here as we see," Zinkovsky wrote, "the Pentagon is not at all discountenanced by the fact that such plans contravene existing agreements between the USSR and the United States prohibiting the launching of military objects in space."

In a TASS report from Washington datelined January 8, the U.S. military establishment is accused of "planning to use the Space Shuttle to bring spy satellites and killer satellites to outer space for the destruction of a potential enemy's space objects and for the construction of military bases in

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space." A similar dispatch appeared the following day in *Pravda*: "The Shuttle has proved to be a child of the Pentagon," the newspaper reported, "with the aid of which the American military aspires to transfer the arms race into space. . . . As is well known, in the past year, the Carter Administration has added on a wide program of preparation for the introduction of war into outer space." Both stories quoted from a *Baltimore Sun* article to the effect that "one of the first tasks of the crew of the Shuttle after its placement in orbit in March of this year will be the testing of the reliability of an aiming device for a laser weapon, which the Pentagon intends to deploy in space."

In actuality, the *Baltimore Sun* article (which was really a Reuters dispatch from Washington) said nothing of the sort. It reported only that unofficial sources were speculating that such a test might be made on "one of the Space Shuttle's early missions," not on the very first mission (and even that claim is questionable). It is unclear whether TASS reporters simply misread the story or chose instead to distort it to support Moscow's new official line.

According to another Soviet-bloc complaint in February, "the U.S. Army [*sic*] would like to use [the Space Shuttle] to render blind, dismantle, or even steal Soviet satellites, which amounts in practice to thwarting control of U.S. strategic forces and is at direct variance with the SALT agreements and other arms-control treaties. From there, it is only a step to establishing a first-strike capability."

The feigned Soviet horror about space spies and killer satellites reeks of hypocrisy, however. Both the U.S. and the USSR have been launching unmanned military reconnaissance satellites for two decades, and the Soviets have recently been adapting manned space systems to "space spying" as well. A highly modified Soyuz vehicle has apparently begun replacing the old Vostok-based photographic satellites on unmanned reconnaissance sorties; the older satellites had a working lifetime of two weeks, the new ones, six weeks. Meanwhile, two of the manned Salyut space stations launched in the mid-Seventies (the third and the fifth) were apparently dedicated primarily to such activities.

Soviet complaints about the use of the Shuttle for military payloads also overlook the fact that standard Soviet space boosters, such as those which carry manned spaceships into orbit, have also regularly been carrying *Soviet* military satellites into orbit. However, the Soviets have found it convenient to deny that they even *have* military satellites.

Further, the Soviets are the only space-faring nation which is actually testing a killer satellite in flight, the latest only this past March. Lastly, there is no international or even bilateral agreement prohibiting the launching of merely "military" objects in space—if there were, the Soviets themselves would be violating it at least once a week.

The truth is, according to international observers, that the vast preponderance of unmanned Soviet space shots are for military purposes. These functions include reconnaissance, communications, eavesdropping, submarine navigation, early warning, command and control (including links with Soviet espionage agents overseas). Moscow routinely lies about these launches, claiming that each shot is just another scientific probe for the exploration of outer space—all part of a peaceful series of satellites code-named "Cosmos." (Almost 1,300 have been launched since 1962.) Western reaction to these flights is being branded by Moscow as "anti-Communist hysteria whipped up over a mythological, nonexistent Soviet threat."

Soviet propagandists lose few opportunities to chastise the U.S. for publicly discussing the feasibility of military space projects which the USSR has already carried out—but never admitted. A good recent example of this is the ballyhoo over stationing Minuteman 4 nuclear warheads in low parking orbits to avoid their being caught on the ground by a surprise attack. When the weekly trade journal *Aviation Week* ran a highly speculative story about this possibility in mid-1980, most Western space experts laughed at the idea. "It's a nitwit idea," one source said. "Nuclear bombs in orbit don't make strategic sense." The magazine seemed to agree and quickly backed off from the story, which had been based only on very low-level government speculation and apparently did not reflect any significant Pentagon thinking.

But the Soviets seized on the report with gleeful self-righteousness and feigned indignation. "The Pentagon strategists would like to use near-Earth outer space for keeping the entire planet beneath the Damocles sword of nuclear death," intoned *Red Star* on August 21. Pointing out (this time quite correctly) that such a move would violate international space treaties, the article concluded that "the Pentagon's criminal intentions are a brazen repudiation" of international law. "If the plans of the American military clique are implemented," warned radio commentator Radomir Badanov in a Russian domestic news service program, "then in the 1980s space might once and for all become a source of the destabilization of the strategic situation and a source of tension in inter-state relations."

No mention was made of the fact that ten years ago Soviet space engineers had already flight-tested a vehicle for car-

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rying nuclear warheads into orbit and back. Western observers called it the FOBS (fractional orbit bombardment system); the Soviets denied its existence and lied about it so consistently and tenaciously that many frustrated Western observers finally rationalized themselves into ignoring its implications. Since the system *as tested* never made a complete pass around the earth, some U.S. Government space lawyers haggled that the payload was not really "in orbit" and hence was not a violation of the recently ratified UN outer space treaty.

But the payload (presumably only a dummy nuclear warhead was used in these tests, although there's no way to be sure) had indeed gone into a stable earth orbit, since a retrofire rocket burn was needed to return it to the surface. The Soviets disguised the shots under the "peaceful Cosmos earth satellite" cover story—thus, however, giving explicit testimony that they at least considered the payloads to be in orbit and worthy of the name "earth satellite." And if the "less than one full complete circuit" excuse justified not considering the vehicles in orbit, where were these space lawyers ten years before when Yuri Gagarin was being officially acclaimed as the first man "to orbit the earth," even though his Vostok space capsule followed a flight plan nearly identical to that used by the dozen FOBS tests?

THE LAST FOBS flight was more than a decade ago, and the system is almost certainly no longer operational today—nor is it needed, since the best U.S. estimates classified it as a first-strike anti-ABM system, designed to cripple the tracking radars of American anti-missile defense systems prior to a massive onslaught by conventional (and easily tracked) ICBMs. Since the U.S. scrapped its ABM system, the Soviets no longer needed their expensive system developed to attack it (this implies that the development of any new U.S. ABM system would probably be followed by the resurrection of the Soviet FOBS weapon and the official Soviet deception about its purpose).

More recent Soviet statements against a possible U.S. "hunter-killer satellite," and the use of the Space Shuttle for such a purpose, try to disguise the facts that the Soviets already have such a system operational, and that the system the U.S. is building is less complicated and does not involve satellite-to-satellite combat. In the mid-1960s, the U.S. developed ground-based ASAT (anti-satellite) systems involving both specially equipped Thor missiles and modified ABM missiles, but later scrapped the system as being militarily useless; the new U.S. ASAT system under development is also ground-based, this time in the form of homing warheads to be carried on rockets launched from high-flying aircraft.

The Soviet system involves actually launching an ASAT vehicle into orbit (and they have boosters capable of carrying such payloads high enough to hit any U.S. satellite, although they have not been tested at altitudes greater than six hundred miles). There it becomes a "hunter-killer satellite," as it closes with its target before killing it with a blast of shrapnel. The Soviets still have an operational ABM missile system around Moscow, which presumably has its own ASAT capabilities against low-flying satellites, and top Pentagon officials descibe the parallel development of a space-based system as "disturbing," since it implies an operational use of higher altitudes than those currently within range of ground-based systems.

These developments haven't put a damper on the Soviets' shrill accusations against the U.S. space program. During a televised debate April 13 between Glynn Lunney, former head of the Apollo-Soyuz Test Project, and a Soviet news official, the Soviet official was not at all impressed with Lunney's retort that the USSR had been the first to introduce aggressive activities into space with its ASAT program. The Soviet spokesman indignantly replied: "I don't know beans about that!"

Although Moscow officials began complaining as early as 1979 that the Shuttle should be included in negotiations concerning anti-satellite systems, the Shuttle remains a very poor candidate for an ASAT system. There are to be so very few Shuttle vehicles that to risk any of them intercepting a Soviet satellite already within range of ground-based systems would be foolhardy, especially since satellites can be easily booby-trapped to cripple any vehicles coming close to them. Already, Soviet photographic spy satellites are thought to have a small explosive charge on board to prevent their accidentally falling into enemy hands should they go out of control and return to earth over Western territory. (If this should start to happen, the charge would be set off, fracturing the vehicle's heat shield and causing it to burn up when it hits the atmosphere.)

Such developments of Soviet ASAT systems may go a long way toward explaining the vehemence of Soviet denunciations of the Shuttle program. A Czechoslovakian newspaper was echoing Soviet sentiments when it ominously warned in February that American militarization of space was "futile," since "the other side is compelled to take appropriate countersteps in the interest of upholding its defense capability. . . . Every judicious person acknowledges that the Soviet Union has always had to respond to American attempts at obtaining supremacy."

Thus the USSR seems to have been able to expand its own ASAT systems and other space weapons programs while distracting world public attention by claiming that the roles are actually reversed. Such claims can also be used to justify Soviet space actions in the eyes of Western probers who look too closely; the USSR will have been "forced" to develop such systems to respond to the military threat of the Space Shuttle. It's an old story, but it is still effective in many circles in the West.

The theme continues to be stressed in Moscow. As the Space Shuttle was launched on April 12, Soviet readers were looking at the latest issue of *Za Rubezhom* (*Overseas*) magazine, which contrasted Soviet and American space efforts this way: "On the one hand, establishment of orbital stations for extensive research in the interests of science and the national economy. On the other hand, creation of the Pentagon's space fleet. On the one hand, research into the Earth's natural resources. On the other hand, testing of systems and devices for laser weapons in space." But Soviet orbital stations and modified unmanned Soyuz spacecraft also carry spy cameras, while their "peaceful, scientific" Cosmos satellites frequently possess explosive teeth. Such facts, however, are proving no impediment to this latest Soviet propaganda offensive. □

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THE CONDITIONERS

For those who act according to the objective laws of Nature or History, moral compunction dissipates in the solvent of Necessity. 'Once we killed bad men: now we liquidate unsocial elements'

Marx, Moral Responsibility, and The Cambodian Revolution

THOMAS M. MAGSTADT

It is in Man's power to treat himself as a mere "natural object" and his own judgments of value as raw material for scientific manipulation to alter at will. The objection to his doing so does not lie in the fact that his point of view (like one's first day in a dissecting room) is painful and shocking till we grow used to it. The pain and the shock are at most a warning and a symptom. The real objection is that if man chooses to treat himself as raw material, raw material he will be: not raw material to be manipulated, as he fondly imagined, by himself, but by mere appetite, that is, mere Nature, in the person of his dehumanized Conditioners. —*C. S. Lewis,* The Abolition of Man

IF ONE EXAMINES the main contours of twentieth century history without preconceptions, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that there has been an internal progressive logic in the development of Marxist revolutionary theory and practice. The permutations Marxism has undergone have tended to make it more violent, more voluntaristic, and more "value-free." Simultaneously, Marxism has become increasingly comprehensive in its demands upon the individual, as its self-appointed agents have sought to gain revolutionary fame by imposing a progressively more radical vision of social equality upon the atomized masses.

It was Lenin who first abandoned Marx's historical materialism, with all the deterministic constraints it implied, in favor of a voluntaristic leap into the abyss of total revolution. This extreme voluntarism is one of Lenin's most significant theoretical "contributions" to the creative development of Marxism. Both Stalin and Mao carried this facet of the Marxist-Leninist tradition to extremes which, one suspects, would have shocked not only Marx, but Lenin as well. Mao's "heaven-storming" approach to social revolution was the most spectacular postwar manifestation of Marxist voluntarism, but Stalin's sanguinary collectivization and crash industrialization drives of the 1930s were no less momentous.

One can describe the history of Marxism as swings of a pendulum, or the passing of a baton. The Soviet system began to mellow only after it had endured the unspeakable tyranny of Josef Stalin. Just about the time that the most turbulent phase of Soviet post-revolutionary transformation was drawing to a close (after Stalin's death in 1953), the "fever" stage of Maoism was about to assume the virulent form of the Great Leap Forward. In like manner, the Cambodian revolution began to pick up momentum just as the paroxysms of the Cultural Revolution in China were giving way to a more moderate and pragmatic leadership.

If the Maoist revolution was more radical but less sanguinary than its Stalinist counterpart, the revolution that cast its dark shadow over Cambodia was at once more radical *and* more sanguinary, proportionally speaking, than either the Soviet or the Chinese "model." These differences, however, should not be allowed to conceal the underlying similarities. Indeed, if the Cambodian revolution is different from previous Marxist totalitarian revolutions, the difference is one of degree and not of kind.

II.

Karl Marx was an idealistic "materialist." He would no doubt have roundly rejected the suggestion that his world view was "utopian," however. Like his collaborator, Friedrich Engels, he would have contrasted the "scientific inevitability" of Communism with the "ideal dreams" of utopian thinkers. Notwithstanding, Marx's "scientific" theory of history, like the "scientific socialism" embraced by his Soviet heirs, would ultimately lead all mankind to the Promised Land—a land of absolute abundance and perfect equality.

It goes without saying that for the true believer this noble Cause is worth fighting and even dying for. Communists were certainly encouraged by Marx and Engels to do just that. But all in good time. Revolution, Marx said, would eventually be required to overthrow the rotten bourgeois-capitalist order. *Eventually*. That is, *after* the "dialectic" of history had set the stage.

The Communist Party would play a leading role in raising the "class consciousness" of the workers and organizing

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them for revolutionary action. Even so, Marx never equivocated on one point: "The emancipation of the working class is the task of the working class itself." In other words, Marx strove to keep the Communist Party in perspective. Communism was a scientific inevitability. Communists were mere accessories, albeit valuable ones.

Lenin was the "doubting Thomas" of the European socialist movement. He did not believe in the self-fulfilling powers of Marx's prophecy. This doubt gave the first great impetus to the subsequent transformation of Marxism from a "scientific theory of history" to a canonical justification for the conscious reshaping of history. In his famous pamphlet entitled *What Is to Be Done?* (1902), Lenin stated his heterodox thesis in stark and unambiguous terms:

> The working class exclusively by its own efforts is able to develop only trade union consciousness . . . Modern socialist consciousness can only be brought to them from without . . . can arise only on the basis of profound scientific knowledge. The bearers of science are not the proletariat but the bourgeois intelligentsia. It is out of the heads of members of this stratum that modern socialism originated. . . . Pure and simple trade unionism means ideological subordination of the workers to the bourgeois. . . . Our task is to bring the labor movement under the wing of revolutionary Social Democracy.

In a nutshell: "Aside from the influence of Social Democracy, there is no conscious activity of the workers."

Thus did Lenin manage in one bold stroke to lay down the rationale for the omnipotent Party—a messianic Party which he christened "the vanguard of the proletariat." Lenin forged the Bolshevik Party into an ironclad instrument of his own political will.* In retrospect the Leninist identification of the Communist Party with the providential movement of History was a giant step toward the precipice of totalitarianism. It was a relatively small step from this assertion to the adoption of an ethic of naked expediency.

WHEN Khrushchev delivered his secret speech to the Twentieth Party Congress in 1956, he went out of his way to denounce the "cult of personality" Stalin had fostered. Khrushchev's assessment was correct as far as it went: the personality cult was indeed one of the trademarks of Stalinist rule. But what Khrushchev did not (and could not) say was that Stalinism completed the logic of Lenin's theory of Party primacy: whereas Lenin substituted the Party for the proletariat as the embodiment of "scientific knowledge" and "modern socialist consciousness," Stalin substituted his own personality cult for both the Party and the proletariat. *L'état, c'est moi.* The name of Stalin became a synonym for the Party.

In many ways, more than some people may care to admit nowadays, Stalin was Mao's exemplar. Mao built a cult of personality that was second to none. This personality cult was carried to its greatest extremes during the Cultural Revolution, when China's youth went on a nationwide rampage waving their little red books, *The Quotations of Chairman Mao.* Mao was virtually deified—gigantic pictures of his benevolent countenance appeared throughout the country. His words became gospel.

Mao, despite his professed Marxism, displayed more *hubris* than perhaps any other twentieth century political figure. In the opinion of Stuart Schram, the "Promethean urge to fashion nature" and the "passionate desire to transform man" were the most distinctive features of Mao's "heaven-storming approach" to politics. In *The Political Thought of Mao Tse-tung*, Schram wrote that this approach was characterized

> by a certain impatience with reality, an implacable will to bend men, things, facts, and theories . . . and to break them if they refuse to bend. "In force and momentum, the attack is just like a tempest or hurricane; those who submit to it survive, and those who resist it perish," wrote Mao in 1927 of the Hunanese peasants, echoing similar phrases in Chinese history and fiction. This sentence could very well serve as a description of his own approach to the transformation of Chinese society.

Mao's voluntarism was pushed to the outer limit of the politically possible during the Great Leap Forward in 1958. Marxism was now wrenched out of its original context so violently that very little of its authentic content remained. In Professor Schram's words,

> The key formula in this respect . . . is the celebrated thesis that the Chinese people draw strength and virtue from the fact that they are "poor and blank." The idea that poverty may lead to revolution bears some relationship to Marxism, though Marx singled out the proletariat as the savior of society not merely because its members were poor but because of the decisive role they played in the productive process. The notion that "blankness" qualifies the Chinese people for a revolutionary mission goes, on the contrary, entirely against the grain of Marxism. Marx . . . had a profound admiration for the Industrial Revolution [and] saw the aim of the revolution in the reshaping of the social and political order so as to permit the full development of this revolution not merely because it incarnated the moral values of protest against injustice, but also by virtue of its skills.

Instead, after 1958, Mao glorified the lack of skills and formal learning which characterized the Chinese peasantry. In so doing, he betrayed his own contempt for conventional values and his belief that progress depended upon the rejection of such values. In Maoism, the release of mass energies became an end (and a value) in itself.

III.

As Marxism both in theory and in practice has moved from determinism to voluntarism, so Marxism after Marx's time also became more violent than Marx himself, at least the "mature" Marx, intended. Marx actually mellowed somewhat between his early and his later writings. By the time of his death, he had come to believe that it might be possible to effect the transition from capitalism to socialism, under certain conditions, without violent revolution. This was a position which Lenin rejected with a vengeance. It was one of the key issues dividing the Menshevik and Bolshevik factions of the Russian Social Democratic Party. After the October Revolution, Lenin declared that "we can achieve nothing unless we use terror." A decade earlier

*Lenin enunciated the doctrine of "democratic centralism," which amounted to a barely disguised demand for unquestioning obedience to the Party line. This elevation of the Party reached its zenith in Communist Cambodia where the Communist Party—known simply as the Organization on High—was made the object of veneration and worship.

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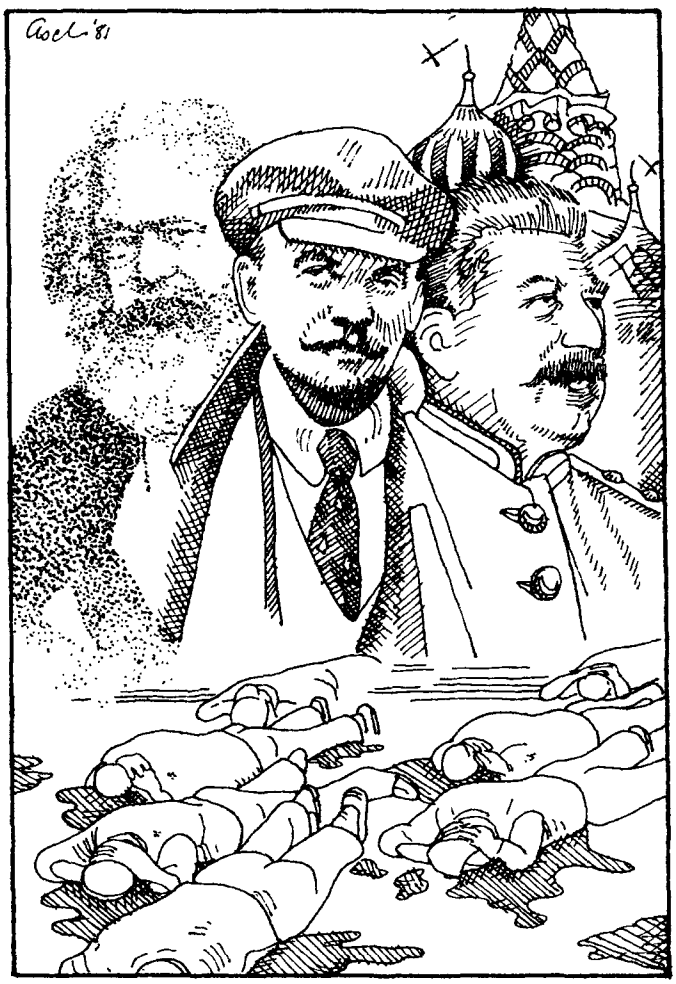

he had written almost euphorically of "real, nationwide terror which reinvigorates the country and through which the Great French Revolution achieved glory."

There is hardly any need to catalogue the actual record of violence, both physical and psychological, which has been compiled in the name of Marxist social transformation in the twentieth century. The hecatombs of the Stalinist terror of the Thirties have been widely deplored on both sides of the East-West divide. The physical violence associated with Mao's revolution, however, is less well-publicized. Most treatments of the Chinese Communist revolution, in contrast to commentaries on the October Revolution, devote little space to the question of political terror. For example, in his well-known biography of Mao, Schram spends no more than a page or two on the Maoist purges of the early Fifties. He notes that in early February 1951 regulations aimed at punishing "counter-revolutionaries" were promulgated and that these regulations "provided death or long prison sentences for very broadly defined offenses."

Schram's own estimate of the number of victims puts the death toll in the early 1950s at around two million. He asserts that such a figure "is not an enormously large toll for a social revolution of this magnitude [!]," but admits that "the picture is far from that of a revolution carried out exclusively by education and gentle persuasion, which is sometimes propagated nowadays by some of the more naïve among the defenders of Peking (though hardly by the Chinese themselves)." Schram adds: "Throughout most of 1951 a real climate of terror reigned throughout the country."

This "climate of terror" turned into a holocaust of colossal proportions in the case of the Cambodian Communist revolution. The Cambodian Communist Party (KCP) leadership emulated the Maoist model to an astonishing degree. The thorough contempt for formal education exhibited by the KCP—known to the Khmer people only as "Angkar" (The Organization)—was reminiscent of Mao's attack on the citadels of learning during the Cultural Revolution of the latter 1960s.

In *Cambodia, Year-Zero*, François Ponchaud adverts to the cultural tendency of the Khmer people to take a "simple idea, intuitively perceived" and push it "to the limits of its internal logic and often to the point of absurdity, without any regard for realities or any forethought for practical consequences." As a result,

> The Chinese revolutionary principles embodied in the writings of Mao Tse-tung have been taken over and pushed as far as they will logically go, and Marxist praxis undertakes to apply them. "The revolution draws its strength from the peasant masses." "Wars are won by encircling the town by the countryside." Carried to extremes, this theory leads to the abolition of towns.

In Kampuchea (Communist Cambodia), this perverted "Marxism" led not only to the abolition of towns but also to the abolition of civilized society, as the Maoist disdain for intellectualism and intellectuals was contorted into a full-scale attack on the kind of civilization that produces intellectuals. The murderous evacuation of Phnom Penh in April 1975, accompanied by similar evacuations of other cities and villages throughout the country, was the direct result of Maoist values taken to the extremes of madness.

IV.

It is only fair to record that Marx himself was not contemptuous of all intellectuals—he was, after all, an intellectual himself. Nor did he denounce cities, the flowers of civilization, as inherently immoral or degenerate places. Furthermore, he was not, as some might think, totally indifferent to all existing standards of conventional morality. Marx was something of a moral relativist, but he also acknowledged "the simple laws of ethics and justice by which individuals must be guided in mutual relationships, and which must be the supreme laws of conduct between States."

Once again, it was Lenin who first gave Marx a bad name in this regard. "Our morality," he wrote, "is completely subordinated to the interests of the class struggle of the proletariat . . . Morality is that which serves to destroy the old exploiting society."* Therefore, "*We deny all morality that is drawn from some conception beyond men, beyond class.* We say that it is a deception, . . . a fraud, and a stultification of the minds of the workers and peasants in the interests of the landowners and capitalists." (Emphasis added.) For Lenin and the "Marxist-Leninists" who followed him, the proposition that "the end justifies the means" was a self-evident truth. As Lenin himself put it, "Everything that is done in the proletarian cause is honest."

*As recently as 1970, this Leninist dictum was repeated by Leonid Brezhnev as a guiding principle for all Communists. (*Pravda*, November 25, 1970.)

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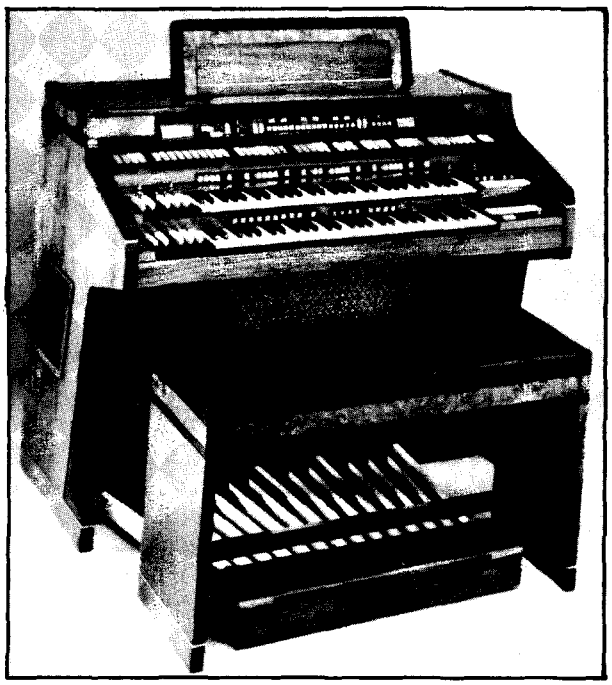

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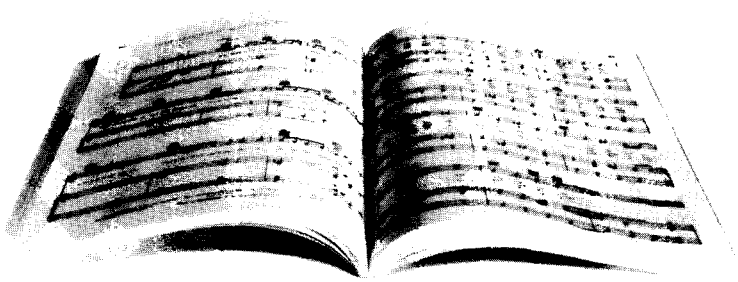

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One has only to consider what kinds of things have been done "in the proletarian cause" since Lenin's time to appreciate the folly of such unlimited moral arrogance. Stalin's Great Terror. Mao's Cultural Revolution. Pol Pot's "autogenocide." These are the twentieth century's monuments to Marxism-Leninism. They were built upon the ruins of civilization (i.e., the standards of morality which have always undergirded civil society everywhere). It is, of course, in the name of a "higher morality" that Marxist-Leninists, of whatever stripe, have rejected the mundane moral standards of conventional society. This new kind of morality has been variously described as the "revolutionary concept of law," "revolutionary consciousness," or simply following one's own "revolutionary conscience."

But of course there is no such thing as a new kind of morality, there is only morality. Revolutionary conscience is a chimera; only conscience itself is real. C. S. Lewis, in his brilliant little book *The Abolition of Man*, discusses traditional morality or what, for the sake of convenience, he calls the *Tao*.

The *Tao*, he writes,

> is not one among a series of possible systems of value. It is the sole source of all value judgments. If it is rejected, all value is rejected. If any value is retained, it is retained. The effort to refute it and raise a new system of value in its place is self-contradictory. There has never been, and never will be, a radically new judgment of value in the history of the world. What purport to be new systems or (as they now call them) "ideologies," all consist of fragments from the *Tao* itself, arbitrarily wrenched from their context in the whole and then swollen to madness in their isolation . . .

Marxism and its twentieth century permutations—Leninism, Stalinism, Maoism, and the like—have taken a single fragment, equality, out of the mosaic of traditional morality. They have made equality into a talisman, wrenching it from its context in the whole and swelling it to madness. By taking one glittering particle out of the well-proportioned composition and discarding the rest, they have deprived all morality, including what Aristotle called "proportionate equality," of any efficacy for good.

As Lewis comments, "When all that says 'it is good' has been debunked, what says 'I want' remains." Ultimately, "the Conditioners must come to be motivated simply by their own pleasure." He adds: "I am very doubtful whether history shows us one example of a man who, having stepped outside traditional morality and attained power, has used that power benevolently. I am inclined to think that the Conditioners will hate the conditioned."

For the violence associated with the history of Marxism-Leninism in the present epoch is the obverse side of an ethic of naked expediency disguised in the language and logic of "science." Marx's heirs actually jettisoned much of the "scientific" content of Marxism—i.e., its deterministic interpretation of history, which, if valid, would render the future predictable—without abandoning the pretense (and indeed arrogance) of true believers who claim to be constructing "scientific socialism." For those who act according to the objective laws of Nature or History, moral compunction dissipates in the solvent of Necessity.

THE PROPOUNDERS of scientific socialism have thus preferred to believe that Marxism removes the scales from their eyes and breaks the shackles that bind them to the oppressive old order. What they have too often failed to realize is that in breaking free they run the risk of being set adrift in a moral void. "By the logic of their own position," Lewis writes,

> [the Conditioners] must take their impulses as they come, from chance. And Chance here means Nature. It is from heredity, digestion, the weather, and the association of ideas, that the motives of the Conditioners will spring. Their extreme rationalism, by "seeing through" all "rational" motives, leaves them creatures of wholly irrational behavior.

By inventing "value-free" ideologies which treat human beings like specimens and societies like laboratories, they transformed the meaning of politics from a never-ending series of compromises to an everlasting act of Creation. Even our use of language has been affected: whereas, "Once we killed bad men: now we liquidate unsocial elements."

If there is a political truth to be learned from the human tragedy associated with Marxism-Leninism, Stalinism, Maoism, and, most recently, Kampuchean Communism, it is this: the time-honored principles of civilized political life must not be set aside whenever they happen to be inconvenient. Violence may be the only escape from intolerable oppression when every avenue of peaceful change is blocked by a tyrannical regime. But when the practice of beneficence, duty, justice, good faith, mercy, and magnanimity must be momentarily abandoned, it is especially important that the precepts be preserved, for without them the very possibility of civil society becomes the final martyr in a lost cause. More than anything else, the failure to appreciate this fact has been the source of the Marxist curse in the twentieth century. □

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INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTIONS

Russia's Chemical Feast

WIL LEPKOWSKI

WHILE THE NEW Administration is no doubt more aware than its predecessor of the mischief wrought by the sale of U.S. high technology to the Soviet Union, no one seems to be paying much attention to chemicals. Computers, machine tools, and diesel engines have drawn most of the concern, because of their direct relevance to tanks, guns, and rockets.

But the chemical component of "trade" with the Soviet Union, representing probably as much as $6 billion in products and services sold to the Soviets during the 1970s, deserves consideration. Chemical technology is important, because without it, a country's industrial base is destined to remain minuscule. That's why those big, automated Western-designed and -built plants making ammonia, xylene, benzene, butadiene, and a dozen other such building blocks of hundreds of products are so important to the Soviets. Already, the Soviets produce more ammonia than any other country in the world, courtesy of American technology.

But there's another angle that may be even more important, its relevance extending from sheer productivity figures to Soviet global strategy. It has to do with automation or, in the terminology the Soviets prefer, cybernetics. Soviet planners are always assessing and correlating. They devote whole institutes to the handling of complex systems. Cybernetics, the science of complex systems, is said to be their "secret weapon" in the struggle against capitalism. But none of the Soviets' own computers is big enough to handle the volume and diversity of industrial, economic, social, and geopolitical data they need to monitor this multitude of master plans.

A smoothly running modern chemical plant is to the productivity watcher the purest example of technology gone right. Valves, pumps, pipes, vats work in complex unison as chemical reaction follows chemical reaction all the way to the end product. To keep the plant running this way—to keep it from blowing up, in fact—temperatures and pressures must be constantly checked and readjusted. Today, it is all done automatically by devices called microprocessors, nifty little computers, little brains, that are already altering our everyday lives. In the U.S., for example, they are being put in cars to enable engines to tune themselves while the car is running.

THE POINT is that the Soviets want modern chemical plants not only to build their economy but at the same time to study the uses of microprocessors. Russia's strategic planners have always felt and have openly said that science and technology would be the pivot on which the struggle against capitalism would be decided. So when they came up with detente, a major goal was to learn how the capitalists used microprocessor and computer technology to manage their complex production systems. The prime Soviet product, of course, is global socialism, and they believe its evolution has to be managed. Only cybernetic technology can do this.

One analyst who has studied the Soviets' strategic system for years, and who has especially concentrated on their approach to cybernetics, believes the trend is worth watching. He is Dr. John J. Ford of Washington, D.C., and he says the Soviets may have something we don't have, even though we invented the hardware behind it. To the Soviets, he says, the "war" is being fought on many levels, of which the military is only one. Threats loom on all sides. "Disruption of economic energy distribution, international trade, social and ecological networks could 'disorder' our system more efficiently and safely than would be possible with weapons of mass destruction," he says.

That is the Soviet strategy: to "disorder" the capitalist system without bringing it to the point of war.

Late in 1978, the CIA issued an overlooked report entitled, "Soviet Chemical Equipment Purchases from the West: Impact on Production and Foreign Trade." Much of the report is technical, but it is worth examining. It details and assesses the huge Soviet buildup of chemical capacity and predicts that the USSR will be disrupting world trade patterns through the sale of low-priced chemicals by the middle 1980s.

The report does not, however, consider the "meta" aspect of chemical technology. The West has been helping the Soviets build a stronger economy, which obviously helps establish a stronger military base. That goes without saying and, indeed, the new Administration is certain to take a hard look at all our trade with the Soviets, examining it in that light. But the more important consideration in the long run is that cybernetic "secret weapon" the Soviets are employing through the marriage of computers, microprocessors, management of technology, and their overall plan.

Things go wrong in chemical plants. Microprocessors pick up the flaws and correct them. Things go wrong in geopolitical strategies, too, and the Soviets are building in the capability to make a science of contingency. The chemical analogy is one we could learn a lot from. What we need to do is re-tune our thinking in the direction of analogies that matter. □

This is a capsule description, from the 1978 CIA report, of one American-designed butadiene plant the Soviets had built for them during detente: "Uses large-capacity reactors, turbocompressors, and automated control systems. Installation purchased by USSR reportedly was largest 'Catadiene' plant in the world, with annual production capacity of ninety thousand tons of butadiene. Soviets claim the one-stage process permits a 40 per cent reduction in unit investment and production costs and at least doubles labor productivity compared to the existing two-stage process."

Mr. Lepkowski is senior editor of Chemical and Engineering News.

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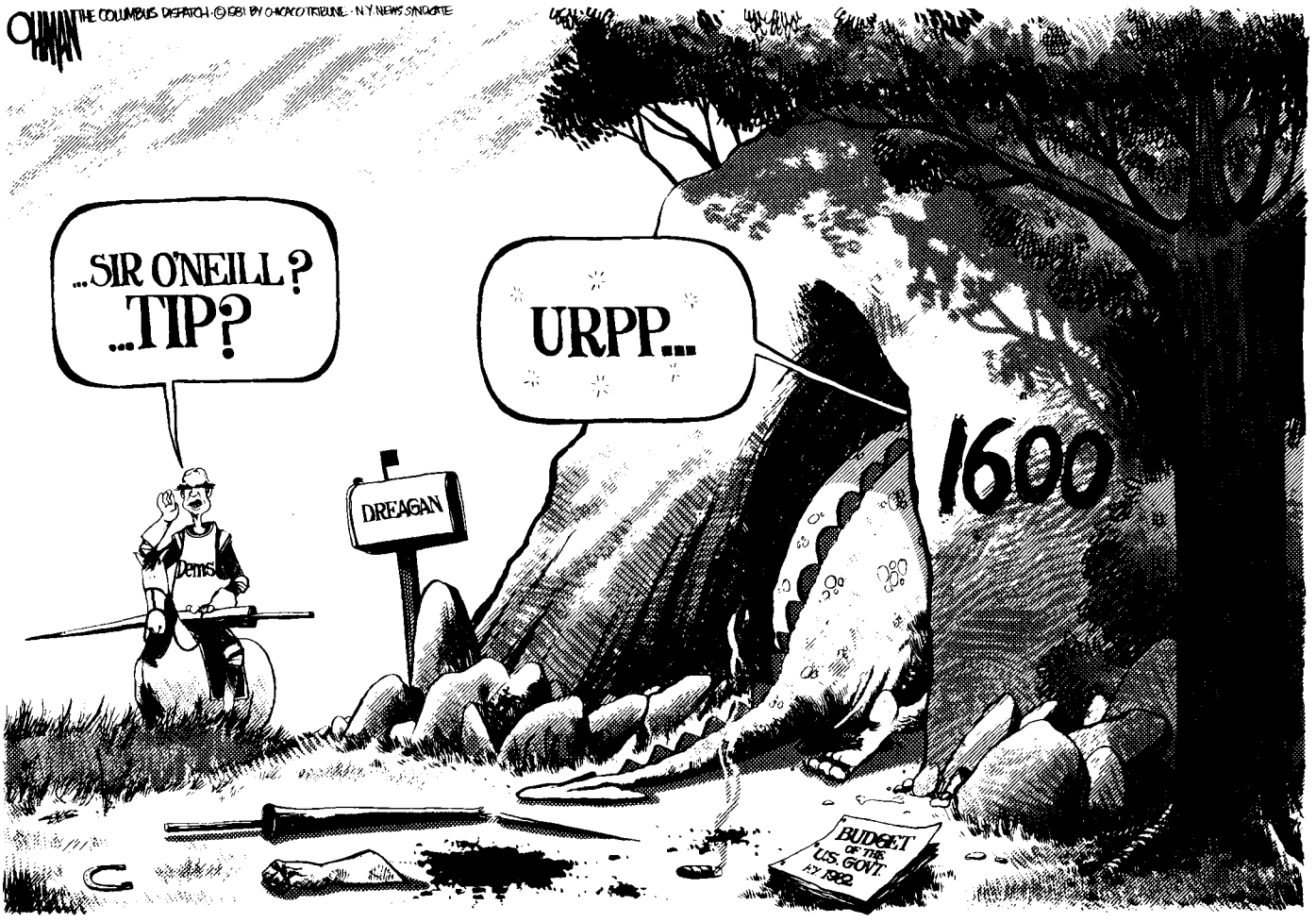
help !!!!

The Conservative Democrats

Crafty as Jackson and clever as Lee,
When they attack, all the liberals flee.
Not since the Fifties when Russell rode herd
Have the progressives appeared so absurd.
Mr. O'Neill's been borne off on his shield;
Cranston and Byrd have conceded the field.
Back in the boonies, where people pay bills,
Scarlett O'Hara is dancing quadrilles.

W. H. VON DREELE



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"No cash. I want the broiler-oven, chiming clock, electric blanket, ten-speed blender, clock radio . . ."

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SYRIA

Head and Heart

SAMUEL PICKERING JR.

THIRD WORLD body politics come in all sizes and shapes. Often they resemble side-show giants, with the heads of state far removed from the hearts of the people. In Syria, President Hafez al-Assad is leaning desperately toward the Soviet Union in hopes that the Russians will be able to shore up his tottering government, while far away the mass of his people incline toward the United States.

Israel is only one of Assad's troubles. Much of his army is hopelessly stuck in Lebanon. To the east, Iraqi concepts of manifest destiny clash with Assad's view of "greater Syria." In the north, the Kurds are restless. At home, Sunni Moslems, some 70 per cent of the population, have become disgusted with governmental corruption and the favoritism shown Alawi Moslems, the sect to which Assad and the leading military figures of his regime belong and which constitutes only 10 to 12 per cent of the population.

Although Syria is supposedly a socialist country, her socialism is only slogan deep. Russians are not popular in Syria. To a large extent this is because they have little money to spend. In developing countries in which tribal and traditional ties are being shattered, money confers not simply dignity but identity. The respect one receives is often proportional to income, and foreign governments which do not support their diplomats and "advisors" handsomely make a serious mistake.

I spent the past year teaching as a Fulbrighter at Tishreen University in Latakia, a city of some 200,000 people in northwestern Syria, on the Mediterranean. English was the most popular subject in the Faculty of Letters and each year three to four hundred students majored in it. Russian was not taught because students refused to study it. Many of my students had cousins in the United States, and they studied English in hopes that it would provide the key which would magically open doors to America and golden treasures. "Go to America," a boy told me, "and shine shoes. Return to Syria a merchant."

Countries in transition from agricultural to industrial economies often overvalue modernity and suffer from what are in effect cultural inferiority complexes. In Syria, even those who hope that the resurgence of Islam will enable them to retain some traditional mores recognize that the forces of modernization are practically impossible to oppose successfully for an extended time. "The Easterns," a conservative Moslem wrote in an essay, "now are hanging by the Westerns' tail. The Westerns have the progression in working, living, eating, but the Easterns haven't."

WESTERN popular culture has influenced the taste of Syrian students to an astonishing degree. Not only are blue jeans extravagantly popular, but desks in my classroom were covered with the misspelled names of Western singers—"Elvis Prestly," "Paul Ankn," "Dona Summer." Belief in America's cultural and technological superiority to the rest of the world is so widespread that the failure of the mission to rescue the hostages in Iran stunned the Syrians. The initial little man's glee at seeing a great power discomfited changed quickly to pensiveness. America's failure disturbed the average Syrian's almost mythological view of the world, and apprehension about the Soviet Union grew. If America were not all-powerful, the reasoning went, then the Soviet Union was not simply a convenient supplier of arms but a threat to Arabs.

Aside from Egyptian situation comedies and the occasional American film —*Black Beauty*, for example—Syrian television is a dreary patriotic affair. Throughout the year bureaucrats opened power plants and Assad accepted flowers from masses of cheering schoolchildren. The patriotic drumbeat never stopped, and, on the evening news, the words *America*, *Israel*, *Zionism*, and *Camp David* were intoned like a litany as the government blamed its internal troubles on external enemies. Few people took the propaganda seriously. According to a merchant in Latakia, the mayor called the town's businessmen together in order to explain why there was inflation and why trade was poor. Camp David was behind everything, the mayor explained. When the mayor finished, a greengrocer asked: "You are the mayor. When Camp David came to Latakia, why didn't you order the police to arrest him and put him on a bus to another city?"

When the head and heart are pulled in opposite directions, a nation is not healthy or happy. My students wanted peace and happiness above all things. All were familiar with unhappiness and violence. In describing her life, one student recalled her family's fleeing from Kuneitra in the 1967 war. "We saw the buildings pulled down," she wrote. "We saw the people killed. We saw our house pulled down. We left the city. We left everything there. Our city was occupied. I was so sad. I left my dolls. I left my small room. I was afread. I could not forget this picture. It left a wound in my heart. It is afread me a long time."

Yet, despite our close ties with Israel, students like this one look to the United States and not to the Soviet Union for peace and their futures. Although they know little about actual life in America, our country shines before them as the land of freedom and hope. Recently I received a letter from one of my students who had been raised in a small mountain village. He does not know where America is, but he wants to come here. This past summer he went for a day-long boat trip in the Mediterranean. The man who took him told him that they were near America. "I have acquainted on somebody from Saudane," the boy wrote. "He took me in a sojourn with him in the sea. We were about to reach AMERICA. I asserted him to do so but he didn't do it. He was always in a hurry and for this I hated him." The head may be in the grasp of the Russian bear but the heart of the Syrian people, like my student in the boat, wants to be closer to America. □

Mr. Pickering now teaches English at the University of Connecticut at Storrs.

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NEVER GIVE MONEY AWAY TO ANYONE*

*Parkinson's Rule Three Annotated

LAURENCE W. BEILENSON

NEVER GIVE money away to anyone."* Although C. Northcote Parkinson relied on historical experience in enunciating this, his Rule Three, the rule has not enjoyed the happy fate of becoming a cliché. Instead, we have turned the Founding Fathers over in their graves by stretching the general welfare clause of the Constitution to include the world and by practicing our own cardinal rule: "Always give money away to everybody."

Parkinson believed we had formed our post-World War II habit of giving to everybody in order to save ourselves the trouble of thinking. He did not do justice to the inspired leadership of our paladins of compassion. By 1977 their desire to care for all and sundry (with other people's money) had become such a habit that Jimmy Carter was able to announce that, if we "normalized" our relations with Vietnam, he would respond with "normal economic aid processes." Under such normality, putting our entire diplomatic corps out to pasture would save us billions.

For paying money to foreigners other than in trade, we have learned divers ways. We can bribe officers of a foreign government. (We have.) We can pay money to dissidents to foster rebellion against an unfriendly government. (We have, but mostly in the wrong place, in the wrong way.) We can indirectly pay Japan and our other allies by bearing the cost ourselves of maintaining our troops stationed in their lands. (We are.) But although each of these methods merits attention, none falls within Rule Three or this annotation, both of which are strictly about foreign aid.

When the Marshall Plan was announced, a pessimistic friend decried my advocacy of it. In his opinion the plan would be admirable if we would stop with it, but we wouldn't. How right he was. At the end of World War II, our national debt was roughly $260 billion; when it had swollen some $600 billion more, I calculated that over one-third of the increase was accounted for by foreign aid. To avoid headaches I have stopped counting; but if we add amounts which are in fact foreign aid but otherwise classified plus loans that never will be repaid, the percentage probably is even higher.

Justinian Did It

"Giveaways" and complaints about them are old. In the sixth century the historian Procopius wrote: "On every occasion [Justinian] bestowed handsome presents upon all the barbarians alike, those of East and West, and North and South, as far as the inhabitants of the British Islands and of the whole world, nations of whom we had not even heard before, and whose names we did not know, until we became acquainted with them through their ambassadors. When these nations found out Justinian's disposition, they flocked to Byzantium from all parts of the world to present themselves to him. He, without any hesitation, overjoyed at the occurrence, and regarding it as a great piece of good luck to be able to drain the Roman treasury and fling its wealth to barbarians or the waves of the sea, dismissed them every day loaded with handsome presents."

Since Justinian was noted for avarice rather than for generosity, his gifts must have been a subsidy to advance the interest of the Byzantine Roman Empire by appeasing the barbarians. In contrast, charitable foreign aid is given for moral reasons rather than to forward the self-interest of the donor nation. Our own debates on foreign aid have been confusing because to justify our aid charity and self-interest have been confusingly joined. For clarity the two grounds must be divorced. To win votes in Congress for aid abroad, our politicians have appealed to special-interest groups at home. When our warehouses were bulging with grain, the interest of farmers in lowering the surplus to raise the price was invoked. Now we are told that donating money to poor nations will enable them to buy our products, and thus "create jobs." In fact, if Congress wants to subsidize any domestic special-interest group, it would be cheaper to do so directly.

Meanwhile, contrasted to our comparative abundance, many abroad live at the bare subsistence level and below.

*"The Five Other Rules," *Foreign Policy*, Winter 1972-73.

Mr. Beilenson, a lawyer and historian, is the author of The Treaty Trap, Power through Subversion, *and the recently published* Survival and Peace in the Nuclear Age *(Regnery/Gateway).*

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Charity is sweet and benefits both giver and receiver. In the poor parts of the world the need is so enormous that private giving cannot fill the void. Briefly stated, this is the case for charitable foreign aid.

Anyone who opposes it is likely to be stigmatized as a Scrooge unvisited by the good spirits. Our Uriah Heeps, however, claim a charitable bent when they dip into the public treasury instead of into their own purses. And they take the justice of their action on faith, never considering the actual consequences.

A Bottomless Pit

The money we give drops into a bottomless pit. The increase in population in Latin America, Asia, and Africa has canceled all the funds spent for foreign aid on those continents.

Most of the aid has not reached the needy; it has added to the luxury of dictators and their henchmen. And much of it goes into American bureaucratic bins.

Our government owes no duty to the poor nations; the United States did not make them poor. If our national conscience is nonetheless troubled about the material benefits we enjoy in a world where many are ill fed, ill clothed, and ill housed, we can discharge our ethical duty without the present drain on the public purse. Let those who believe in charity abroad appeal to the generosity that the American people have so frequently and so abundantly exhibited. The donors would have the opportunity of selecting the objects of their bounty, and they could entrust its administration to experienced charitable organizations of their own choice. Probably not as much would be collected from private charity as we are now giving from the public purse; but charity abroad should be voluntary.

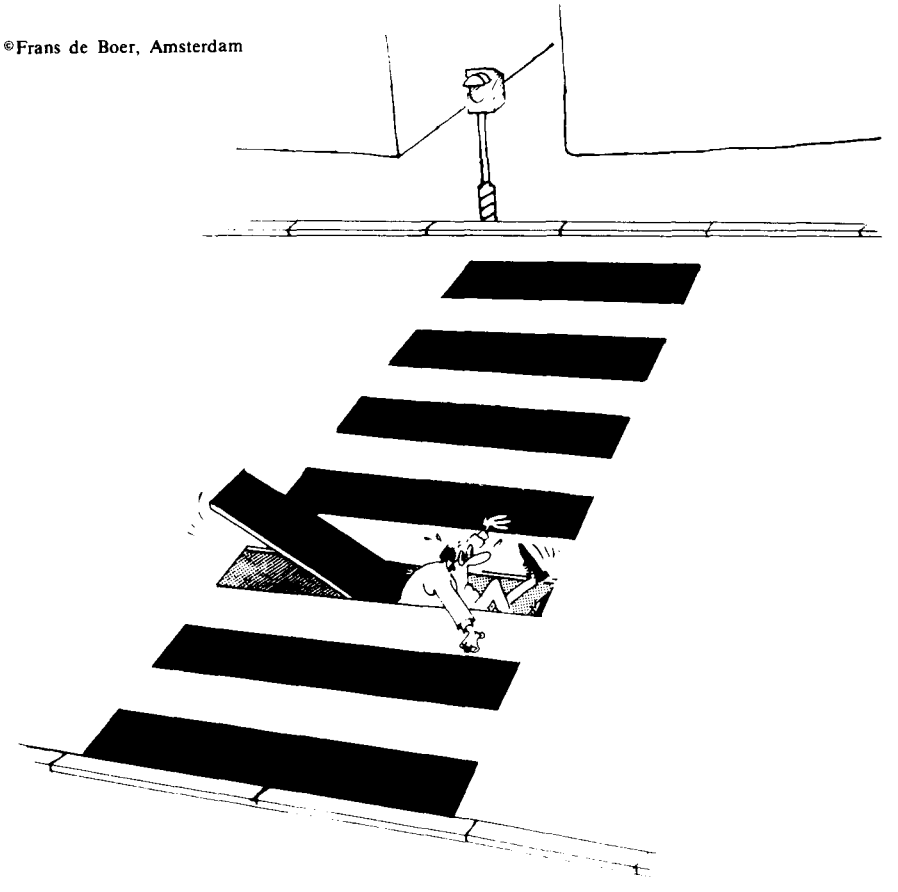
Charitable foreign aid has contributed to weakening our fiscal soundness at home without a corresponding betterment in the lot of the poor. If the United States had a continuing Treasury surplus, that happy fact might be an argument for donating some of it as charitable foreign aid. Burdened as we now are with a huge national debt that increases daily from our deficit financing, it hardly seems prudent to borrow at home in order to give away abroad.

In contrast to charitable foreign aid, subsidy abroad is for self-interest, and hence is an old tool of statecraft. Subsidy is money paid or property transferred (other than in commerce) by one government to another government for the purpose of forwarding a real or supposed interest of the paying government. Despite new names, our Lend-Lease before and during World War II and our noncharitable foreign aid since were typical subsidies. Usually subsidy agreements have been embodied in treaties, which, like other political treaties, have been regularly broken. Niccolò Machiavelli condemns and Parkinson ridicules all subsidies. Never, however, say never.

Sometimes a subsidy treaty has taken the form of a payment to induce a nation to stay neutral in a war. Breach has been habitual, and the treaties ineffective. If it has been to the receiving nation's interest to stay neutral, it has done so; when the interest has changed, so has the neutrality, payment or no payment.

More commonly a subsidy has been promised or paid in connection with an alliance. Machiavelli declared: "Republics and princes that are really powerful do not purchase alliances by money, but by their valor and the reputation of their armies." From a long list of subsequent supporting examples, the Florentine would have selected Louis XIV as the best, which is to say, the worst.

To his coat of arms Louis should have added a cornucopia spilling out French coins; he was addicted to paying subsidies. In 1668 he decided to attack Holland as soon as his diplomacy had isolated it by paper chains whose links were gold. To that end, from 1668 to 1672 when war began, Louis made treaties, most of which were accompanied by payment of a subsidy, which contained promises to France: to join the war on its side, to remain neutral, to allow passage of French troops through foreign territory, to permit foreign territory to be used as a base for French troops. The pacts were with England, the Habsburg Emperor, Brandenburg, Sweden, and a number of small German states, all of which broke them. Because the interests of the other European countries, as they saw them, clashed with the interest of France, Louis had to fight most of Western and Central Europe. The subsidy was wasted. In terms of dishonoring their promises,



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however, there was no appreciable difference between the bought and the unbought.

Despite Machiavelli's and Parkinson's animadversions about the fatuity of buying allies and notwithstanding the unreliability of subsidy treaties, some have had efficacy for the payer. Because Austria was dependent upon a British subsidy paid in installments during the War of the Austrian Succession (1740-1748), Britain was able to induce Queen Maria Theresa to yield to terms that galled her but were to Britain's advantage. During the war against Revolutionary and Napoleonic France, Pitt opened wide the British purse to pour its contents into the coffers of the Continental nations. While they nevertheless deserted Britain again and again in breach of their treaties, Pitt's shower of gold bought ever new Continental soldiers to fight against France. Although our aid to Britain before Pearl Harbor exacted no substantial, tangible quid pro quo, our subsidy kept Britain alive when it stood alone and thus helped us. Our Lend-Lease to the USSR furnished it the arms to kill or capture many German soldiers who otherwise would have been available to kill Americans.

Pay Now, Lose Later

In a *mémoire* of February 1765 to Louis XV, his Foreign Minister the Duke of Choiseul told his sovereign that the French practice of paying in advance should be discarded in favor of the English method, which paid only after the desired action or inaction had been taken by the subsidized government. That, however, is not always possible. The best substitute is a payment in installments made substantially concurrent with the deeds or abstentions purchased.

The whole history of subsidy may be briefly summarized: The only effective subsidies have been to aid in or deter war. If the action or inaction bought has been imminent, the chance of performance has been enhanced. If what the subsidized nation was to do or not do in return for the payment has conflicted with its own interest, the subsidy has been of no avail.

The primary tool of V. I. Lenin was subversion: giving to the outs to overthrow the ins. He wrote about all the tools of statecraft except subsidy and bribery. Perhaps he was silent about these money tools because, during most of his adult life, money was in short supply. A more likely explanation is that his absorption in overthrowing governments by subversion left Lenin no time for disquisitions on paying them by subsidy. In any event, decisions of the USSR since World War II to give money or property to other governments have been made without guidance from its mentor.

The European satellites have paid for whatever they have received from the Soviet Union, but Moscow's financing of Fidel Castro's Cuba has imposed a large drain on the USSR. The Cuban troops sent to Africa have been a form of repayment, but they were not in return merely for money already paid; the expectation of future funds probably influenced the furnishing of the men, and probably Castro was eager to show his prowess.

In the Third World—or is it the Fourth, or by now the Fifth?—from time to time the USSR has made extensive deliveries of arms to various governments, notably to those of Egypt, Syria, and Iraq. Some of the munitions have been paid for by the rich Arab states, but probably there has been a net money loss to the USSR. The Third World countries have been skillful in extracting money from both sides. Some Kremlin official sometime must have said to himself: "Wouldn't it be wonderful to end the cold war? Then when those Third World blankety-blanks try to bleed us, it will be a pleasure to tell them to jump into the lake." Similar thoughts may have crossed the minds of some Washington officials.

When both the United States and the USSR pursue the same course, to assume that each must have chosen it wisely is natural, but through the ages most nations have duplicated the mistakes of others. The Soviets have copied us in dispensing money for influence; by now each antagonist is merely aping the other. There is no historical experience to justify the benefit to a government of paying money to another government to buy influence or friendship. When in their nineteenth century imperialism England or France used its purse, it bought something tangibly valuable, such as a mineral or trade concession. In addition, both were ready to send troops to ensure delivery of what they had purchased.

Having ample money to pay eases the immediate task of the diplomat; consequently he rejoices in its availability. When in 1976 we shifted our so-called African policy, Henry Kissinger traveled far and wide, promising his hosts large sums of American money to buy influence or friendship. We used to buy votes in the Assembly of the United Nations—not worth a dime—by promising continued foreign aid. Our recent futility in the Assembly speaks ill of our past profligacy. The Third World spits in our face, yet we continue to curry its favor with money.

Let's Not Do It

Our subsidies to the Third World have been paid in pursuit of containment, to prevent countries not now Communist-ruled from becoming so. Our money has propped up many oppressors. In our long, just contest with the Communist masters, we have, by supporting the status quo, lost friends among non-Communists who wish to uproot injustices in their countries, and the long future belongs to them.

We are not forced to buy influence in the Third World because the Soviets do. They will waste their money, and will receive no more gratitude than we have. If a number of Third World countries become Communist-ruled, and the USSR finances them as it has Cuba, doing so will strain the Soviet treasury. And it will be much cheaper for us to help overthrow such governments by external subversion—money to the outs—than it is to uphold the dictatorial ins. Such subversive aid from France and Spain in 1776-77 helped us to become a nation.

It is an even graver error for the United States to give foreign aid—or loans—to Communist-ruled nations. So doing will teach non-Communist recipients that they can take any line they please and still get our money. More importantly, it is not to our interest to better the lot of the Communist-ruled peoples. The sooner it becomes intolerable enough to provoke revolution, the better for us.

Yugoslavia is often cited as a case where our money kept a country from

(Continues on page 857)

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Of Pride and Terrorism

From the Continent

ERIK v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

ALL OVER Europe young people are rioting. The riots in Britain have a racial character and are therefore a case apart. Regrettable as they are, they could have the beneficial side-effect of making the British acknowledge what they have always known in their hearts, namely that mankind is not all of a piece. And this in turn might lead the British to judge more kindly certain peoples across the seas—Americans, for instance, or Australians, or even South Africans.

Brixton, a "mixed" suburb of London, and Liverpool—the two foci of the British rioting—now look very much like war-devastated cities. Similar sights could be seen in Paris way back in 1968, and more recently in Amsterdam, Nimeguen, Zurich, West Berlin, and Vienna. But there is a difference; on the Continent the issues are not racial, but ideological, social, and existential. To uncover their roots, one must probe deeply into hearts and minds.

In the West the juvenile unrest began in the Fifties with the American "beatniks," and continued with the "Vietniks" of the Sixties. Why did these young people feel themselves to be a generation set apart? They had not gone through World War II. Indeed, they had, in every sense, missed the war. They were not starving or unemployed, nor did they belong to any sort of underclass. By and large they came from decent but dull middle- and upper-middle-class homes. Could it be that they somehow felt cheated out of a great, if terrible, experience?

Here we should reflect for a moment. Recorded human history goes back about five thousand years; mankind was around for almost a million years before that. But only in the most recent period have entire nations (and not just tiny minorities) lived in conditions that we now consider in keeping with "the dignity of man." A thousand years ago, only the very privileged enjoyed a modicum of comfort. It is no exaggeration to say that even in the Renaissance the younger children of kings, having small hope of the crown, would gladly have exchanged their privileges for the amenities available to the foreman of a modern German factory. Yet such princes had an advantage that, fortunately, modern men come by more rarely: wars and duels, which gave them outlets for aggressive drives.

In the past, of course, wars had a very different, very personal character; they were adventurous and romantic undertakings, sometimes even chivalrous. Shocking as it may sound, wars formed an integral part of male life and male identity. Europe and North America today enjoy a peace imposed by the fear of an atomic war. But the atomic menace, though it fosters a tenuous peace, also creates feelings of depression and anxiety that lead to cynicism and nihilism. It is not surprising that authors like Sartre, Beckett, and Eugene Ionesco have had such an impact on our youth. Many thoughtful young people have come to doubt that there is any sense in life. Many lack the religion that in the past gave satisfying answers to questions about the why, the whence, and the whither of human existence.

A Full Life

Such young people, like the nations they inhabit, are without purpose. Each nation used to believe that it had a specific mission, and although a nation's claims were not always generally recognized, there was a certain consensus about them within its boundaries. Britain believed that its task was to educate and improve "the lesser breeds without the law." France wanted to be *une patrie pour l'humanité*. Germans were convinced the world would recover if it adopted German ways (*am deutschen Wesen soll die Welt genesen*). Spain believed itself to be *la orientadora espiritual del mundo*. Russia was Holy Russia, and saw itself as a savior of the world. One might call these claims preposterous; but they fostered pride and a sense of honor and thus made for a full life.

People also took pride in their family, calling, vocation, class, and race. Today all of these particularistic sources of pride are assailed by ideologies like socialism and Communism, which exalt the historical role of the faceless masses. Nor has democracy done much to give the individual any new source of pride. A single vote represents only a microscopic fraction of the power of the electorate. Our European terrorists, sensing this, have abandoned hope of gaining power by majority vote. They are reviving anarchist doctrines profoundly hostile to the state and to society. Germans have always tended to pursue ideas to their furthest, even inhuman, consequences, and the German anarcho-terrorists are acting in precisely that spirit.

Late Romantics

Recently, something new has been added to their program; they have now begun to cooperate with the squatters (*Hausbesetzer*): young men and women, sometimes lacking the money for rent, sometimes just out for "kicks," who break into empty buildings and transform them into love-nests—and fortresses against the police, who have the thankless task of ejecting them. Again, these promiscuous youngsters rarely belong to the lower classes. They, like their predecessors, are late romantics seeking a substitute for war—hence they make war against the state and a society based on law and order.

The prides of an earlier era are gone, including a sense of honor, patriotism, and pride in family. The young, in turn, are not eager to found their own families, to enter into real marriages, to beget children. Male pride? Female pride? Not even Eros, apparently, moves them. They are haters, and their capacity for hatred is truly frightening—overturned and burned cars, smashed windows, ravaged shops, wounded policemen, mutilated and murdered hostages.

The young? "An alien race," said Konrad Lorenz, the Austrian zoologist and anthropologist. But, of course, the guilt for this state of affairs is not entirely theirs; they are the ultimate product of a development that started with the guillotine and led past gallows, gas chambers, and Gulags to youthful gangsterism. The only remedy would be a revival of lasting values and virtues. □

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Prayer and Social Progress

Tomorrow and Tomorrow

MICHAEL NOVAK

SOME SAY THAT the liberal churches have become too "political," having abandoned eternal life, the individual soul, and prayer. Some say that fundamentalist churches "privatize" religion too much, confining it to the sphere of the individual soul alone. If such charges are true, both extremes appear to be mistaken.

Judaism and Christianity, among the world's religions, are distinctive for the religious vocation they set before believers. That religious vocation consists in preparing for, and building up, the Kingdom of God in history—while recognizing that the Kingdom of God transcends history and is never to be realized within it.

This two-edged belief gives Judaism and Christianity an especially intense historical dynamism. Since believers are committed to *changing* history, as part of their religious vocation, Jewish and Christian populations characteristically give rise to novel economic, political, and cultural experiments, risks, adventures. The God Who made the world is perceived to be the Lord of history. calling His people forward. Urbanization, education, science, technology, democratization, and economic development are not merely consistent with Jewish and Christian imperatives but are, to a large extent, inspired by them.

Jews and Christians are taught to be more than merely resigned to history, passive, accepting, or seeking a merely inward escape from it. From the time of the early Benedictines, novel forms of political and economic organization have been attempted. The emphasis, moreover, was multinational. As Max Weber points out, the "free cities" and "free city republics" of Western Europe owed much to such impulses, in politics, economics, and culture alike.

Judaism and Christianity, then, carry within them a world-changing impetus. "Cult," important thinkers have said, "is the center of culture." The narrative form of Jewish and Christian worship inspires a narrative approach to history. Each pilgrim is taught to think of individual life as a "progress," a journey, a way. Each people is taught to think that societies are also makers of history: experience, learn, experiment, change. Both individuals and societies are "under judgment," and called upon to repent, change, and improve. The struggle to make "the earthly city" a shining reflection of "the eternal city" is without end.

On the other hand, neither the Jewish nor the Christian vision is unrealistic, utopian, perfectionist. To be sure, idealists in both communities are often tempted by extreme, abstract, and otherworldly visions. Yet these are regarded as "temptations," not as imperatives. Enthusiasm, as Ronald Knox properly reminded us, is an ever-present danger to biblical realism. Blown by enthusiasm, not only do forgiveness and charity break down but murderous schemes are often enforced upon unwilling clay.

Cynics *v.* Utopians

Thus, Jewish and Christian traditions have an ambiguous relationship to "progressivism." They are certainly in favor of progress toward the Kingdom of God on earth. But they are radically opposed to progressive doctrines which promise to *enforce* the Kingdom of God on earth.

The root of unbiblical notions of progress lies in the belief that there is some form of social structure which will eliminate human sinfulness, and that if only human beings will pay the price of establishing such a structure, mankind will live forever free from poverty, oppression, and war.

During the last two or three centuries, "liberals" among believers have stressed the vocation of Jews and Christians to change this world. "Conservatives" have kept alive the realism which judges that no such changes will eliminate the sources of sin within the individual human breast. Each has seen part of the truth. Each tends to ignore the truth of the other.

The liberal temptation is to err on the side of utopianism—and, in particular, on the side of socialism. The conservative temptation is to err on the side of cynicism—and, in particular, on the side of individualism.

In both large communities, however, wise men resist these temptations. Many on the Left resist utopianism, as many on the Right resist cynicism. Some on each side probably estimate the force of prevailing winds differently, and try to lean against the wind. To some extent, their contrary leanings keep the whole community alert and watchful.

God's Wondrous Ways

For both, the problems of spiritual life remain. Even when we disagree in our judgments about prevailing currents, and even when we resist each other's favorite initiatives, we are each in the dark concerning God's judgment on us all. Each may think the other is abetting the forces of evil. Yet God may judge our individual efforts and the general social picture quite differently.

The beauty of a free, pluralist society is that no one set of views can claim to speak unambiguously for God, even while all parties may believe themselves to be pursuing God's will as they see it. "Ignorant armies clash by night."

For this reason, it seems wise to remind ourselves often of the common darkness in which we struggle. Even when we do our best, and think ourselves most surely correct, we may be wrong. History itself seems to thrive both on such contrariousness and on our confused struggles to realize God's will. History unfolds, often enough, in ironic ways.

Since none of us may play God, each has need of prayer, much silent contemplation, a willingness to admit error and to correct our course, and a sure knowledge that we may, indeed, be wrong. Thus we are saved by faith, even though we slacken not for a moment in committed work. □

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Books Arts & Manners

Two Heroes

SELDEN RODMAN

Self-Portrait of a Hero: The Letters of Jonathan Netanyahu 1963-1976
With Notes by his brothers Benjamin and Iddo, and an Introduction by Herman Wouk
Random House, 304 pp., $12.95

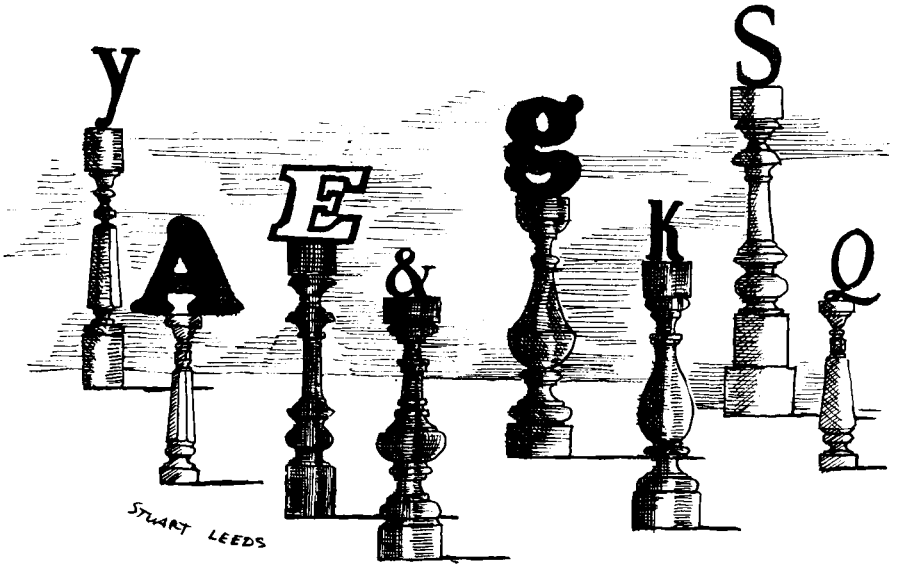
Prisoner without a Name, Cell without a Number
By Jacobo Timerman
Knopf, 164 pp., $10.95

There were no heroes in the Holocaust, only victims. The Jews, who were the victims, and the "Free World," which might have acted in time to stop the worst of it, were too incredulous of the unimaginable enormity of the crime to take action. And a hero, by definition, must be free to act, whether in behalf of good or in resistance to evil. The Anne Franks were indomitable victims in the path of an avalanche over which they had no control; the sense that resistance might change the course of history or even have a meaning was lacking. The heroes came later, once the Jewish base (Israel) had been well enough established to provide a non-passive alternative to the age-old evil of antisemitism; and in a sense the real heroes in the world today are the Jews, pre-eminent among them Jonathan Netanyahu and Jacobo Timerman.

How crucial to all of us was the former's heroism. The last act of Jonathan's young life was to lead the Entebbe raid (now called Operation Jonathan) and be the attackers' only casualty. One can't help wondering what would have happened had the derivative American effort to free the hostages in Iran been as well planned and executed. Jimmy Carter, as one of the two would-be heroes involved, would still be President.

But heroism cannot be born in a vacuum. The atmosphere in our country was not heroic; in fact it was antiheroic, a moral climate that only the conservatives have the power to alter. In Israel, by contrast, patriotism and idealism had been one for a generation. When Jonathan, who loved America extravagantly for its "technology, achievement, efficiency, courtesy, order and convenience," wrote his last letter home from Harvard he described "young people sitting on the sidewalks, barefoot, half naked and dirty, begging alms and strumming guitars or toying with Indian beads, or distributing religious propaganda ('Jesus Saves'—this is the latest thing). Of course not all of them are as extreme as that, but they're all brought up to be anti-Establishment and they all sling mud at the U.S. Government . . . You feel sorry for America; these lunatics will destroy her."

In the absence of a biography, which would fill in some of the gaps and present Jonathan's thoughts in the context of the two wars he fought in and his marriage, which ends in divorce without any real explanation, the personality of the hero still comes through in these letters with remarkable intensity. Jonathan was equipped to do what he did from the very start. His love for his parents in the United States and for his two brothers who joined him in the Israeli Army was profound, and warmly reciprocated. He had no love of soldiering for its own sake. He was a nature poet and a philosopher by inclination, a model student; and he re-enlisted after the Six Day War only because he felt Israel's survival was at stake. That feeling was greatly reinforced by the inconclusive Yom Kippur War, but now mixed with a feeling akin to despair



J. Bryan III *is a freelance writer from Virginia. . . .* **Donald Hall,** *poet, critic, and essayist, is the author of several books, the most recent being* Remembering Poets. . . . **Selden Rodman** *has written extensively on Latin America. . . .* **Terry Teachout** *is a freelance journalist residing in St. Louis.*

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when it seemed that Israel had become a pawn in world politics, and might be abandoned at any moment if it served the purposes of oil-poor America, Israel's only friend with the capability of providing the necessary weapons for Israel's defense.

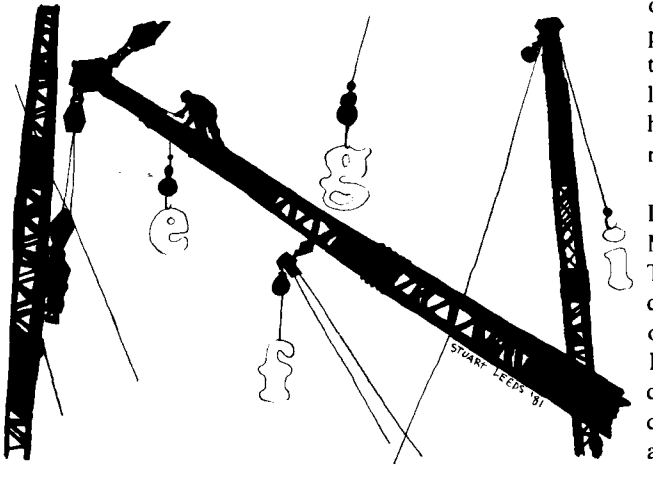
Only twice in the course of his upbeat correspondence, and not once during the five days he spent in Buenos Aires, does Jonathan Netanyahu give any hint of the revival of the Holocaust mentality that came close to overwhelming that other Jewish hero, Jacobo Timerman, in Argentina in the same period. Alluding to the support from abroad that came to embattled Israel in the Six Day War, Jonathan writes: "Deep in their hearts they knew that Israel is the only haven they can escape to—poor wretches!" And later, facing up to the possibility that Israel might "lose the war, if not the next one, then the one after," he adds that the Israeli armed forces are "the *only thing* that stands between ourselves and the slaughter of our people as in days gone by." Why then did not Timerman, a life-long Zionist who knew this just as well, escape to Israel—until he was forcibly ejected from Argentina after his two years' imprisonment and torture by the Argentinian military?

TIMERMAN was a hero of a different sort. Experience taught him that the lesson of the Holocaust was to be found not in expounding over and over its horrors, which failed to move any anti-semite to pity, but in understanding "the Jewish silence and the Jewish incapacity to defend itself." It was the "repetition of silence rather than the possibility of another Holocaust" that obsessed him in Buenos Aires, whither he had moved with his family in 1923 from a Ukrainian village. As editor and publisher of two weekly news magazines and of the liberal newspaper *La Opinión* from 1971 until his arrest by the military dictatorship in 1978, Timerman had refused to participate in the silence. When people disappeared, Jew or Gentile, he and he alone published their names. When pleas for mercy filtered out of the torture chambers, he alone had the nerve to go to the authorities and demand explanations.

For a while his reputation for integrity and nonpolitical journalism saved him from the fate his "prudent" friends begged him to avoid; but finally the military, exasperated, seized him, and he suffered the hell he had always known would catch up to him one day. Failing to comprehend what motivated him, and unable to make him confess a nonexistent role in a "conspiracy" of Left or Right, his torturers finally screamed at him the epithet that really turned them on: "I keep bouncing in the chair and moaning as the electric shocks penetrate my clothes. During one of these tremors, I fall to the ground, dragging the chair. They get angry, like children whose game has been interrupted, and again start insulting me, the hysterical voice rising above the others: 'Jew . . . Jew . . . Jew!'"

How did Timerman endure so much without making a fake confession? How was he saved? Unbelievable courage, of course. Convictions unshakable. Hope, however faint, of shaming his captors into some small lessening of their beastliness. But also tactical passivity. "This passivity, I believe, preserved a great deal of energy and left me with all my strength to withstand the torture. I felt I was becoming a vegetable, casting aside all logical emotions and sensations—for any emotion or sensation meant wasting useless energy . . . Long afterward, I realized that I had developed a withdrawal technique . . . Deliberately I evaded conjecture on my own destiny, that of my family and the nation."

And why was Timerman kept alive through so many months until, finally, the American Embassy was able to convince Videla's government that more was to be gained than lost by releasing this man against whom no credible charges had been or could be made? "I was saved because the Nazis were overly Nazi; because they believed, as they informed me, that World War III had begun and that they enjoyed every conceivable impunity. One of the interrogators, known as Captain Beto, told me: 'Only God gives and takes life. But God is busy elsewhere, and we're the ones who must undertake this task in Argentina.'" □



Javits
By Senator Jacob K. Javits, with Rafael Steinberg
Houghton Mifflin, 528 pp., $16.9

THE ONCE AND FORMER SENATOR

RICHARD BROOKHISER

Late in 1979, the Republican Party began urging Barry Goldwater and Jacob Javits, two of its oldest and most potent vote-getters, to run for the Senate one more time, in the faint hope that the GOP might take control of the upper house. It is one of the neatest symbols of that election that the Republicans won, Goldwater won, and Javits lost—in a three-way race, to a conservative Republican who had deprived him of the nomination that had been his by almost divine right for a quarter of a century.

Javits's *envoi* is subtitled "The Autobiography of a Public Man," yet his private reminiscences are the best part of it—head and shoulders above the evasions and platitudes usually found in this kind of book. So many public men write of themselves as if they were bored, incurious reporters, working from old *Time* magazine clippings. Maybe that's how they do it. Javits actually records his life as if he were personally familiar with it.

He grew up on the Lower East Side of Manhattan, son of a Talmudic scholar who came to America without a word of English. He hawked second-hand crockery from a push-cart on Orchard Street, and heard speeches by

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Emma Goldman and Eugene V. Debs. A loving and intellectually ambitious brother served as mentor. At 23, he took a trip to Europe and sent back to his family a string of the sort of gushy letters that everyone writes and almost everyone forgets.

> Life has expanded. I have torn from me the mask of stodgy conservatism, of narrow vision, of fixed idea. I can live. The air I breathe is charged with new energy, the earth I walk on filled with life and divinity . . .

Thus the Lower East Side Shelley. "My moods," Javits comments, "fluctuated wildly."

He discusses, more seriously, one of the most common failings of public men—the crippled marriage. Marion Javits spent her wedding night on a train to Washington so that her husband could make a meeting of the Foreign Affairs Committee the next day. As they began, so they have continued; affectionate, respectful, but distant—friendly partners. Javits writes about it all with tolerable frankness and a minimum of rationalizing. I eagerly await the chance to compare it with the memoirs of Senator Kennedy.

But most of *Javits* is public business, and here the tale is dull and sad. Javits lacked perhaps the keen internal barometer, the extraordinary sensitivity to political high-pressure systems and incoming cultural typhoons, that characterized (and made fascinating) a William Sloane Coffin, a Ramsey Clark. The role of forager, cavalry scout, *voyageur* never appealed to him. He always moved with liberalism's main body. Hence he is best judged not by his extravagant statements, of which there are relatively few, but by his omissions. Taxes are barely mentioned in *Javits*. Inflation appears once (as a consequence of Kemp-Roth). Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Solzhenitsyn—silence. Javits might reply that he is, after all, writing his memoirs, and that as a legislator he was never particularly concerned with these questions. To which the only answer is, Why in God's name not?

Conservatives appear in *Javits*, usually with the prefix "ultra" ("ultra-liberal" is not in the Senator's vocabulary). Some conservatives, it is conceded—Barry Goldwater, and Javits's colleague James Buckley, whom he tried to bar from the Senate Republican caucus—are sincere and even amiable. But most of them are knaves and bigots. We should not, of course, expect a man to agree with his critics, much less like them when they are being rough on him. But Javits's rhetoric is dishonest and inflammatory. He was "chilled" at the Cow Palace in 1964, he says, with the thought that he "might be seeing the beginnings of an American totalitarianism." And he caught cold again at Kansas City in 1976 when a "hostile mob" greeted his speech. Maybe from a podium or the back of a high horse your perspective is altered. I saw Javits's 1976 speech on television, and the main emotion animating the noisy crowd seemed to be boredom.

If Javits's fall from power represented the fall of a philosophical politician or even of an ideologue, we might feel a more than personal pathos. But even his liberalism, on the evidence of this book, was a matter of habit and impulse rather than principle. "I have always found," he writes, "that you solve problems by plunging into them—not by sinking your head in your hands and thinking about them abstractly."

What alternative did he ever offer his enemies? He gassed about Lincoln (though not the Lincoln who said "you cannot establish sound security on borrowed money"). He urged Republicans "to reflect the concerns of urban America" (an America ultimately depopulated and stripped of congressional clout by the welfare and tax policies he endorsed). He predicted permanent electoral failure if his counsel was ignored (Goldwater's most successful speechmaker now sits in the White House). Dimly aware of the glacial forces bearing down on him, he went along with that speechmaker's nomination in 1980. It was too late. His career is a shame and a warning—a shame that a charming and intelligent man did not do better; a warning to conservatives, who, if they ever copy his intellectual insouciance, will do as badly as he did last November.

One small beef: Will whoever it is who peppers the picture sections of these books with the author's initials please cut it out? We've had RN for Nixon, HAK for Kissinger, now JKJ for Javits. I hope no one is planning an illustrated biography of Arthur Seymour Sullivan. □

The Politics of Procrustes: Contradictions of Enforced Equality
By Anthony Flew
Prometheus, 216 pp., $16.95

THE PROCRUSTEAN ELITE

JOSEPH SOBRAN

What would "equality" look like? The more the term is insisted on, the less we understand it. All that is certain is that our ideologues are so scandalized by inequality that they can't seem to find enough of it to suit them.

We do see, though, that they are bent on defining invidiously every human distinction of wealth, achievement, and even natural endowment they can get their calipers on. Note, for instance, the resolute confusion of wealth with power. "Rich and powerful" now seems to imply a connective "therefore."

By equating money with power, not only is state intervention justified: the introduction of compulsion is disguised as protection of the weak. Whatever might have been said of this in the sweatshop era, it hardly applies to a wealthy economy in which capitalists spend billions coaxing workers to buy luxuries. But many people stick to the stereotypes that support the kind of command economy they prefer *a priori*. For "equality," alas, has become a functional equivalent for what you and I would call collectivism.

So now comes Anthony Flew, the veteran philosopher, with an acidulous analysis of collectivist arguments. *The Politics of Procrustes* whips through the arguments of Jencks, Rawls, Dworkin, Hampshire, and lesser socialists. He observes early on that the equalizers can't be equal to the equalizees: they have to hold the weaponry of compulsion. However you define the relations between those who give and

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those who receive commands in the command economy, the power relation is inherently unequal. Flew easily takes the argument from there.

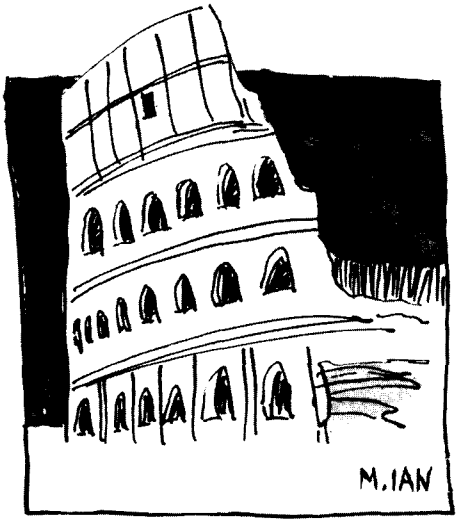
Ultimately—or sooner—the inequality-hunters have to confront the question what to do about the family. "It is the business of education in our social democracy to eliminate the influence of parents on the life-chances of the young," writes one British humanitarian. John Rawls asks, "Is the family to be abolished then? Taken by itself and given a certain primacy, the ideal of equality of opportunity inclines in this direction. But within the context of the theory of justice as a whole there is much less urgency to take this course." Thanks, Professor. But note the totalitarian implication: whether to abolish the family is a question of state policy.

Flew observes that the voucher system raises egalitarian hackles precisely *because* it offers parental choice: "Since choosers will not all choose in the same sense, choice is bound to produce inequalities." They want the state to do the choosing. This point recurs time and again. The actual *look* of the egalitarian promised land is never made clear. What Flew keeps reminding us of, though, is the persistence, unacknowledged by its avatars, of some notion of a commanding elite bent on punishing distinctions.

THE very existence of distinctions is apparently enough to legitimize such an an elite and its powers. Rawls, Flew charges, never explains how the elite can in effect own all the material resources of a society, or how one society, arbitrarily marked off from surrounding societies, can have a *collective* property right to everything within its bounds, such that neighboring communities and individuals are bound to respect its integrity. What exactly *is* "a" society? Such questions are quietly begged.

Moreover, equality is a relative term. If all own identical houses—or rather occupy them, since only "society" can *own* them—and one makes an improvement in his (or rather the state's) house, he has made himself relatively better off: unequal. *Verboten.*

Rawls isn't the worst of the cutthroats, since he would allow inequalities provided they ultimately benefit "the least fortunate group in society." But, as Flew says, "Rawls seems always to be thinking of all (social) goods as actively distributed by some allocating authority. Such a distribution, of what is all at bottom common property, can only be a zero-sum operation: if one person lacks something, then the reason is simply and solely that it has been allocated to someone else." Production is totally severed from distribution, as someone has neatly put it. In Rawls's world, *nothing* is produced. And, we might add, "common property" belongs, in practice, to the people who have the power of distribution. The Procrustean elite.



Flew is especially effective in his discussion of the profit motive. Noting the disapproval attached to this phrase in some quarters, he wonders why there are no moral qualms surrounding the wage motive, the salary motive, the retirement benefits motive . . . It is a "fundamental mistake," he argues, "to identify the interested with the selfish." If this false tautology were really true, we would have to condemn practically all human action, including socialist action, out of hand. Even in zero-sum settings we don't automatically condemn self-interest: "Is anyone prepared to say that rival candidates competing for some coveted position are culpably selfish in not withdrawing in order to clear the way for all the others?"

The collectivist intellectuals are so profoundly complacent that they have been incredibly sloppy in arguing their case. For them argument on these matters seems to be a kind of ritual formality, no more than a jostling reminder of what should be obvious to all right-thinking people. But Marxists and Rawlsian "liberals" might ponder the implications for their own class position of Flew's final sentences: "It is the friends of the education voucher, and of the market generally, who are in truth the friends of individual liberty and of individual choice as well as being protag-

RANDOM NOTES

■ AUGUST TITLES: In *The Next America: The Decline and Rise of the United States* (Holt, $17.95; paper, $9.95), Michael Harrington foresees a quickening of a new American working-class radicalism in the 1980s. How to reconcile this with the Reagan Revolution? Easy: The "conservative agenda for the 1980s is, unwittingly, implicitly radical." Tell it to Tip O'Neill. . . . And there's more bad news down the road, according to Elizabeth Nickles and Laura Ashcraft. In *The Coming Matriarchy* (Playboy, $13.95), they argue that women, by dint of superior numbers and their "beta" (should that be "bela"?) leadership style, will run the country. The only place a man will be able to find sanctuary will be the Army.

In *The Holocaust and the Historians* (Harvard, $15), Lucy S. Dawidowicz insists—rather unbelievably—that American and English historians continue to trivialize the murder of six million Jews. While admitting that a concern with action over idea, and sympathy for German culture, on the part of many historians has had something to do with their treatment of the Holocaust, Mrs. Dawidowicz nevertheless insists that racial prejudice plays the greatest role.

Joyce Carol Oates's *Angel of Light* (Dutton, $15.50) is a violent novel of lust and revenge, family-style, in the glamorous capital of Washington, D.C. (It's about time for Miss Oates to quit writing and turn to raising peacocks or something for a living.)

Andrew Jackson and the Course of American Freedom, 1822-1832 (Harper & Row, $25) is the second volume of a planned three-volume biography by Robert V. Remini. According to the author, Jackson was the first great reforming President. . . . Harvey Sitkoff's *The Struggle for Black Equality, 1954-1980* (Hill & Wang, $12.95; paper, $4.95) begins with the Montgomery bus boycott and ends with the killing of Martin Luther King. By 1980, Sitkoff writes, Jim Crow was ended but equality was not yet. —CW

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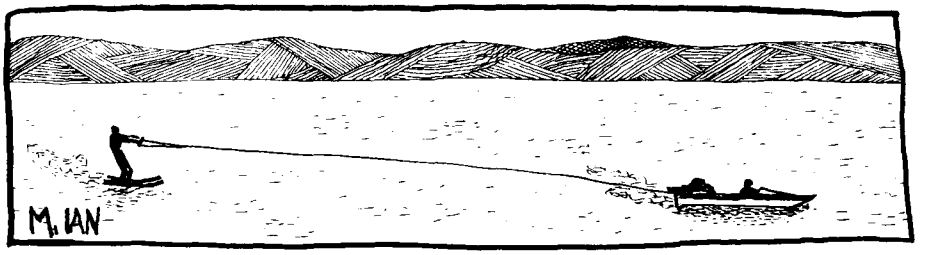

onists of, in the most genuine sense, power for the people. Those who shout 'Power for the people!' in practice advance the power only of the leaders and directors of those who shout 'Power for the people!'" □

Basin and Range
By John McPhee
Farrar, 216 pp., $10.95

A MATTER OF TIME

DONALD HALL

"California will be an island," John McPhee ends *Basin and Range* quoting a geologist. "It is just a matter of time."

This book is a matter of time and language, language engaging time. On the thirtieth page a McPhee sentence records the beginning of the book: "The thought occurred to me that if you were to walk a series of roadcuts with a geologist something illuminating would in all likelihood occur." For 216 dense and compelling pages, solid with detail and nomenclature, McPhee walks the roadcuts of the United States—sculptures of twentieth century nitroglycerine engineering, great Stonehenges of the Interstate religion. He walks roadcuts of the Palisades Sill in New Jersey with Karen Kleinspehn, a PhD candidate with a sledgehammer. He drives and walks west with Kenneth Deffayes, a professor at Princeton, "a big man with tenured waistline," whose popular introductory course is called "Rocks for Jocks."

The horizontal journey is also vertical, a matter of time, as surface stone reveals details of 230 million years back; the past implies a future as geologists predict the insularity of California. McPhee sees to it that we experience the quick alternation of motions and measures: "In the shale beyond the lava we saw the burrows of Triassic creatures. An ambulance from Totowa flew by with its siren wailing."

If we forget Triassic dates, the endpapers help us quickly. If we have remained ignorant of Totowa, there is always Rand McNally; but McPhee counts on us not to worry, only to take pleasure in the syllables, and to understand what sort of a thing a Totowa is. He is a great man for the names of things, and he loves geology for its names. When he studied the subject at college, it "was called a descriptive science, and with its pitted outwash plains and drowned rivers, its hanging tributaries and starved coastlines, it was nothing if not descriptive. It was a fountain of metaphor . . ."

For pages, like a good comedian monologuing, he dazzles us with language: "There was fatigued rock and incompetent rock and inequigranular fabric in rock." The rhythmic repetition of "rock" is worthy of the Psalmist or Sid Caesar. "They had roof pendants in their discordant batholiths, mosaic conglomerates in desert pavement. There was ultrabasic deep-ocean, mottled green-and-black rock—or serpentine. There was the slip face of the barchan dune."

McPhee has written on many subjects in many books; maybe *Basin and Range* and its geology make the best of all, because geology has the best words. He always writes about expertise—a basketball player creating an eclectic jumpshot, market gardeners and chefs with their esoteric learning, a museum director buying a work of art—or not of expertise but of expert language, the words by which the canoe is built. When knowledge degenerates into knowingness, he sounds like Ian Fleming—". . . he opened his hand lens—a small-diameter, ten-power Hastings triplet . . ."—and we witness the brand-naming of things. Never mind: McPhee controls the multiplicity of the world by cataloguing it.

He is master—of words and things, not of ideas or feelings. In the present ascendancy of the essayist, McPhee is perhaps the most talented stylist, Flaubert of the right word gorgeously placed—and he is perhaps the most determinedly superficial.

He quotes David Brower's version of a familiar figure: universal history visioned as if crammed into a familiar timespan. Here it is the week of Genesis, each day representing 750 million years. "Life began Tuesday noon."

> At 4 P.M. Saturday, the big reptiles came on. Five hours later, when the redwoods appeared, there were no more big reptiles. At three minutes before midnight, man appeared. At one-fourth of a second before midnight, Christ arrived. At one-fortieth of a second before midnight, the Industrial Revolution began. We are surrounded with people who think that what we have been doing for that one-fortieth of a second can go on indefinitely. They are considered normal—but they are stark raving mad.

It is David Brower who supplies the judgment. McPhee will write, "People think in five generations—two ahead, two behind—with heavy concentration on the one in the middle. Possibly that is tragic, and possibly there is no choice. The human mind may not have evolved enough to be able to comprehend deep time." Syntax withholds judgment. And he will not hold himself responsible for even this measure of speculation. "At least, that is what geologists wonder sometimes . . ." Later he continues, "On the geologic timescale, a human lifetime is reduced to a brevity that is too inhibiting to think about. The mind blocks the information."

WHAT is it that "the mind blocks"? I think it is religious feeling that "the mind" is frightened of. Immersion in geological time is the closest we can come to the sensation of eternity while holding to the material world. When we consider 230 million years, when we consider the fortieth of a second, we experience the perennial religious sensation of the smallness of man and the brevity of human life, not merely the life of the individual but of the species; and we envision continually the end of the world. For most intellectuals it is frightening indeed to cling to the edge of materialism—as it were, clinging to a rock. One geologist quoted directly but anonymously says:

> If you free yourself from a conventional reaction to a quantity like a million years, you free yourself a bit from the boundaries

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of human time. And then in a way you do not live at all, but in another way you live forever.

To free yourself from the boundaries of human time has been the endeavor of mystic and saint. Neither John McPhee nor the geologists he represents will cross that border, yet their studies carry them near deserts inhabited by millennial hermits.

On the whole I prefer Thoreau, I prefer Meister Eckhart. To prefer these eminent figures is not to speak ill of John McPhee, who writes with skill, control, and a passion for clear prose. *Basin and Range* is a very good book. □

Liebling Abroad
By A. J. Liebling
Introduction by Raymond Sokolov
Wideview, 672 pp., paperback, $11.95

LIEBLING HO!

TERRY TEACHOUT

In the fashion-torn world of modern literature, the surest guide to posterity's ultimate inclinations may well be the used-book market. Dealers in used and out-of-print volumes know that the reputations of authors living and dead often rest not so much on best-seller lists or critical quarterlies as on the prices readers are willing to pay for the books they want to own. An A. J. Liebling book, for example, will always sell for at least $25; and even a beat-up paperback collection of Liebling pieces will bring $15, no questions asked. One suspects that Liebling, a connoisseur of the raffish who never sold well during his lifetime, would have appreciated so earthy an estimate of his long-term literary value.

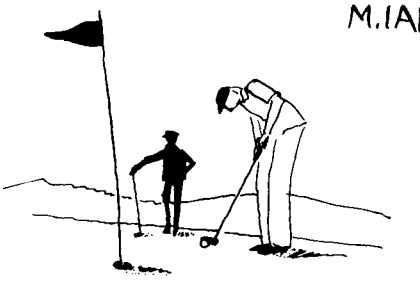
These dealers will be dismayed by the appearance of *Liebling Abroad*, a paperbound omnibus containing four long-unavailable books dating from the Second World War and after, since it will probably knock the bottom out of the current seller's market in Liebling. It's not likely, however, that anyone else will find depressing the prospect of acquiring four of Liebling's best books (*The Road Back to Paris*, *Mollie*, *Normandy Revisited*, and *Between Meals*) for under $12; and it's just possible that the present collection, clearly an outgrowth of Raymond Sokolov's clumsily written but informative biography of Liebling, *Wayward Reporter*, might even lead to a reappraisal of A. J. Liebling's special place in American letters.

Liebling was one of the few *New Yorker* staffers, apart from old hands like E. B. White or transients like Edmund Wilson, who was able (or willing) to transcend the magazine's mannered, often precious approach to nonfiction writing. Claiming Defoe, Hazlitt, and Stendhal as his models, Liebling worked out a prose style memorable for its tart, conversational blending of the courtly and the slangy, chronicling the low life of Broadway in an acutely observed, sympathetic series of sketches (later collected in *Back Where I Came From* and *The Telephone Booth Indian*) which brought him to the attention of the public for the first time.

When Liebling was named a foreign correspondent for *The New Yorker* in 1939, the contrast between his genial tales of seedy Broadway promoters and the European conflict-in-the-making appeared so incongruous that many readers wondered exactly what Harold Ross had in mind when he gave Liebling what soon became the war beat. As it turned out, this assignment inspired Liebling's best work; his intimate, snail's-eye view of the Second World War was both compulsively readable and very often deceptively simple in tone. Considered purely as reportage, *The Road Back to Paris* is certainly the best American work of its kind to emerge from the war; it makes Hemingway's efforts as a correspondent, for example, look embarrassingly juvenile.

FAR more than just another collection of stale dispatches, Liebling's book is an uncanny evocation of the effects of war on human personalities and relationships, comparable in penetration (if not in scope) to a subtler, more aristocratic work like Cozzens's *Guard of Honor*; and the long central chapter of *The Road Back to Paris*, "Westbound Tanker," recalls, in its shipbound perspective on the Norwegian crew's world-in-miniature, the carefully controlled allegory of Christopher Isherwood's novella *Prater Violet*.

In *Normandy Revisited*, a memoir occasioned by Liebling's return to France



in 1955, the ex-correspondent tightens his focus (in the more personal manner of all his best postwar work) to concentrate on the interplay of his own D-Day memories and the realities of present-day Normandy. The result is Liebling's single most affecting piece of writing, an unusually revealing look at an author whose best subject was, in the end, himself. This book and *The Road Back to Paris* are in themselves reason enough to purchase *Liebling Abroad*; but *Mollie* (a later, less unified collection of "other war pieces") and *Between Meals* (a nostalgic, autobiographical meditation by Liebling-as-gourmand) are worthwhile additions to an already substantial volume of first-rate writing.

Why is Liebling largely forgotten today? Perhaps the fact that his work so completely evades standard categories is to some extent responsible. A political *naïf* whose friendship with Alger Hiss continues to stir up controversy, Liebling was certainly not a journalist in the traditional, news-oriented sense: his somewhat overrated press criticism, for example, was strong on sniffing out bad writing but invariably foundered when his liberal opinions got in the way —and even his earliest, most "objective," pieces for *The New Yorker* were too complex in sensibility to fit the formulas of conventional journalism. As he grew older, Liebling approached more closely the style of the personal essayist (a Beerbohm of the Bowery, as it were) without ever adopting the essay form. It's worth noting that the Library of Congress classifies *Liebling Abroad* under "personal narratives," "description and travel," and "gastronomy." This may be as close as anyone can come to describing what A. J. Liebling was up to.

Since *Liebling Abroad* is the first significant attempt to reprint a sampling of his work in nearly two decades (the 1963 anthology *The Most of A. J. Liebling* is its only predecessor), the force of sheer availability is bound to go far toward re-establishing Liebling as

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an important writer and more particularly as (along with Thurber and White) among the very best of the *New Yorker* school. Wideview Books owes the republic of letters at least one more good omnibus—*Liebling at Home*, I suppose—but it also deserves the highest praise for what may turn out to be a hopelessly uncommercial undertaking. At any rate, those who do not take this opportunity to get acquainted with the wartime writings of the Wayward Reporter, A. J. Liebling, are missing a rare experience. □

FILM

SOMETHING ADULT

JOHN SIMON

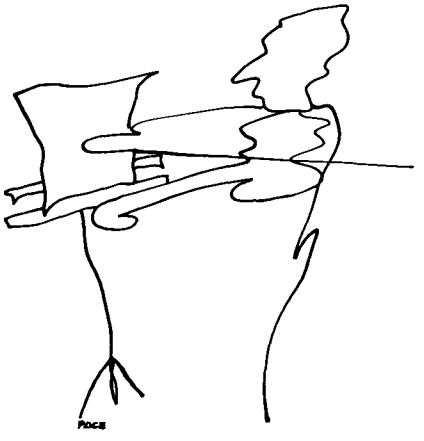
Somewhere along the margins of American filmmaking, very rarely, a movie gets made that is not aimed primarily at the 15-year-olds of all ages. I am not speaking of the independent or experimental cinema, but of the mainstream, where the tidal wave of infantilism has its all-consuming way. Yet even the occasional film that would defy the norm is sucked into compromise—thus *Eyewitness*, by the team of Peter Yates (director) and the young playwright Steve Tesich (scenarist), who previously gave us the delightful *Breaking Away*.

The trouble with *Eyewitness* is that it is really two films. On the one hand, a love story involving several quite real people; on the other hand, a murderous political thriller about people, partly the same as in the love story, who now cease to make sense, and become counters in a routine entertainment for the crowd that battens on the mindlessness of *Altered States* and *Raiders of the Lost Ark*. It is not only that these disparate movie halves do not fuse into a whole, but also that Tesich is too good for—or simply not suited to—the mayhem some lesser writer could easily hack, and so *Eyewitness* becomes doubly diminished.

Still, if you can ignore the thriller part of the film and concentrate on its love, sex, friendship, human relations—conveyed in crunchily fresh performances by William Hurt, Sigourney Weaver, James Woods, Kenneth McMillan, Pamela Reed, and one or two others—you will get your quota of idiosyncratically living life cannily and drolly evoked. Too bad that the inept camera of Matthew Leonetti does not find the right angles to do justice to Miss Weaver's offbeat handsomeness, but much can be forgiven a film in which the janitor hero woos the almost, but not quite, unattainable upper-class heroine by offering to buff her floors gently until they shine, and in which the hero's paraplegic, blue-collar father complains: "The marriage counselor says we'll learn to love each other again. Then I say, 'What about adore?' He looks at me like he's never heard the word before."

But I really want to talk about another film, which makes fewer concessions to immature needs—though it does make them: *Atlantic City*, by Louis Malle. It, too, has a screenplay by a leading young dramatist, John Guare, whose absurdist playwriting yields to a more straightforward approach in his screenwriting debut. (Another young playwright, David Mamet, has come to grief with his quirky first script, for Bob Rafelson's muddled remake of *The Postman Always Rings Twice*.) Guare suggested to Malle, the French director now living mostly in the United States, that they go to Atlantic City and find themselves a story in that curious place where gambling is legal again, huge old hotels are being torn down for the sake of even huger and uglier ones, and the survivors of old gangsterdom who still linger about look askance at the new, small-time, sanctioned tourist gamblers.

Sally (Susan Sarandon), a tough young woman who works in a hotel oyster bar and takes special classes in her spare time to become a croupier in Monte Carlo, is watched from the window across a light-well by Lou Pasco (Burt Lancaster) whenever, after work, she rubs lemon juice into her bared shoulders and breasts to remove the fishy odor. Lou, a marginal henchman of a long-dead mobster, now walks the poodle of the mobster's widow, Grace (Kate Reid), whom rheumatism and hypochondria keep mostly in bed, where Lou also services her. Sally's husband, Dave (Robert Joy, and excellent), turns up with Sally's pregnant younger sister, whom he ran off with and impregnated; he has stolen a lot of cocaine belonging to some pushers who are hot on his trail. Sally grudgingly puts up the pair for the day, and Lou, now a pathetic numbers runner, stashes the stuff and goes off with Dave to help him sell the first batch. Dave is killed by the two hoods who are after him, and Lou begins to become rich.



He proceeds to make a friend of Sally by paying for Dave's body to be shipped back to Saskatchewan, while her sister, a hippie nut full of mysticism and massage, kneads Grace's feet back to health. Sally is so moved by Lou's confession of his amorous voyeurism that she briefly yields to him. But then the hoods start catching up with them . . . and that is as much plot as I can decently reveal, though I can add that there is a mellow, bittersweet ending—more sweet than bitter, and very, very mellow. This is not exactly a happily-ever-after kind of fairy tale, but one that, all the same, leaves everyone—abracadabra—better off than before.

Such things do happen. But the movie cheats, however sweetly, funnily, charmingly. The hoods pursuing the dope are dopes themselves when it suits the exigencies of the plot. For no good reason, for example, they kill Dave on the spot, instead of compelling him to lead them to the cocaine and taking care of him afterward. They conveniently disappear from the picture when Sally and Lou are supposed to undergo some gentle or comic change in their evolving relationship; when the plot structure needs a sharp kick to move it ahead, they materialize out of nowhere. Again, Lou and Sally's apartment doors are only two or three feet apart, yet they have never met before; and there is that architecturally preposterous airshaft between contiguous apartments al-

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lowing Lou to stare at Sally's magnificently cantilevered bosom. Moreover, there is the vaguely sinister character of a French master croupier (played perfunctorily by Michel Piccoli), who remains shadowy and unintegrated into the story.

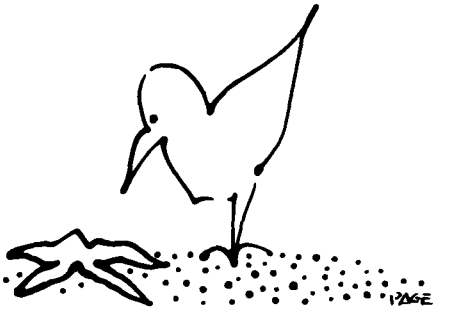
Psychologically, too, there are problems. Malle and Guare do not manage to dramatize sufficiently the complex relations between Grace and Lou, two aging lovers who need and resent, care for and exasperate, each other. Indeed, the moment when Lou, revitalized and revirilized by his change of fortune, passes on some of that windfall to Grace between the sheets, the scene is played for low comedy, with Grace sprouting a comic-strip expression as she exclaims: "Lou, what's got into you?" The merest journeyman punster in the audience can have himself a field day with that one.

OTHER things, however, work handily. Malle has happily remembered those ravishing French films of the Thirties made by Carné, Duvivier, Delannoy, Grémillon, and a few other minor masters (not to mention such major ones as Renoir and Clair), of which *Pépé le Moko*, though not the best, may well be the most typical. Recall the fat old woman tearily sitting in the middle of the Casbah as she listens to a squeaky record on a precarious phonograph—a record of herself as a young and beloved singer. That is a comic-pathetic archetype of the kind *Atlantic City* aims at and often attains, or narrowly misses. When, for instance, the suddenly rich Lou takes Sally to an expensive lunch where she spurns the fancy fish of the day—"I don't want anything that swims!"—Lou asks her whether a Puligny-Montrachet 1966 will do. Whereupon Sally (or, rather, the marvelous Susan Sarandon) gives a funny little look of mingled bewilderment, would-be sophistication, and dumb-animal satisfaction—and we have one of those moments that smilingly clutch at the heart. In a vintage French movie, though, we would have really believed Lou's knowledge of wines and vintages; here we must take it on faith, because the character isn't that juicily various, that rich in credible surprises. Or perhaps Lancaster doesn't act that well.

Again, when Sally, overcome, undoes her blouse for Lou, who has just described in great detail her obsessive ablutions with lemon juice as well as soap and water—rehearsed every step of that redemptive ritual as if reciting some romantic liturgy—the moment is holy and moving. And yet one of those Frenchmen of yore—a Gabin, a Jules Berry, a Raimu—could have wrung tears from us with that recital, as Lancaster cannot; and the list of narrated particulars would have been more lyrical, more cuckoo, more heart-rending than Guare's. The young author is not, or not yet, Jacques Prévert: nothing about the way Sally has been presented—not even her alternately listening to *Norma* and French lessons on her cassette player—suggests enough soul to make her gift of herself to this oldish man fully believable and so more touching.

Yet there are other times when the writing is just right, as when Lou tells Dave about the glorious old days while they are walking down the eternally drab Boardwalk: "The Atlantic Ocean was *something* then. Yes, if you'd seen the Atlantic Ocean in those days . . ." And there are splendidly staged scenes by Malle, as when a new hospital wing is being dedicated by Robert Goulet: he sings fatuously in front of a row of cut-rate chorines to befuddled patients in wheelchairs, then sidles up warblingly, mike in hand, to glue himself to the phone booth from which a harried Sally is trying to put through a collect call to Dave's parents in Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, to tell them the grim news—a call they refuse to accept; or as when a defeated Lou, staggering up the stairs to his room, nevertheless rouses himself to yell at Grace who berates him from below, "I'm a lover!"

It is in their ability to mix the touching and the ridiculous, to let the ludicrous glint through the pathetic, to allow sweetness and sadness to become inseparably intertwined, that Malle and Guare have accomplished something adult and worthwhile. They are supported by generally good to first-rate acting, and apt cinematography by Richard Ciupka. If only they were not like those lazy painters who, having rendered the face on a portrait in fine detail leave the body unfinished and the background barely sketched in. □



DISCOVERIES

TUB SUPREME

J. BRYAN III

Paris. Have you noticed that almost every American living in Paris has some pet "discovery"? My own is unique in that you can see it on only one day in the year and then for only a few minutes: if you will stand somewhere along the axis of the Champs-Elysées late on the afternoon of a May 5, the Arc de Triomphe will frame the setting sun for you, briefly, but precisely and beautifully.

The sight is worth your small effort I promise. Three friends of mine here let me sponsor a demonstration last May. The afternoon of the 5th, we met at a sidewalk table on the Champs-Elysées, where we could munch a cocktail until time to take our posts. The weather was cool, the sky was lavender and gold, and the pert, pretty little cocottes were on parade with their pert, pretty little poodles.

Tommy remarked, "Remember that description of Park Avenue?—'where bad women walk good dogs'? Apropos, my uncle told me about the waitresses at 21 rue Blondel. I wish I'd seen them!"

The Old Rascal snorted. "Rue Blondel? A tourist-trap! If you're wishing you'd seen a famous Paris *bordel*, wish it had been the Chabanais. For style, for imagination, for *grand luxe*, it was the Chabanais first, the rest nowhere! And the girls? Basques. The most gorgeous creatures on earth! Egad, *what* a place it was!" He bunched his fingertips and kissed them. Actually! And he actually said, "Egad!" Do I have to add that he was wearing a wing collar, a polka-dot bow tie, and a white carnation?

He went on, misty-eyed, "Every room had a different *décor*: Japanese, Turk-

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ish, Hindu, Torture Chamber, *Salle de Miroirs*. The feature of the Grotto Room was a big silver bathtub. We'd have it filled with champagne, and climb in, and the girls would giggle and splash us. *Silver*, believe it or not!"

The man from the Travelers' Club asked, "Why wouldn't I believe it? We have a silver tub at the Club, just down the street—as silver as your hoary locks, and I *do* mean hoary!"

Tommy broke in hurriedly, "Bathtubs? The Ritz in Barcelona has absolutely the *longest* tub in the world—you could swim two strokes in it! And the Bayerischer Hof in Munich has the widest—big as a double bed!"

"Mere bigness is mere dullness," the Traveler snapped. "To get back to our tub at the Club: granted it might strike a stuffy eye as a trifle ornate, with all that turquoise and onyx—"

"Only the *stuffiest* eye," the Old Rascal said, "would find a turquoise and onyx bathtub ornate!"

I poured oil: "Be that as it may, the Tub Supreme—"

But the Traveler had the bit in his teeth: "—and solid bronze, silver-plated, with gilt engravings and a design of fleurs-de-lis, the whole thing mounted on a block of onyx. The faucets used to be silver leaves studded with turquoises; they're lost now, but I've heard—"

My attention wandered. I'd seen the Travelers' tub. I'd rather have seen the woman it was made for, a hundred years ago. Ornate? The tub was austere, compared with La Paiva herself. The Club was originally her palace, built for her by an infatuated German prince. She has been dead these many years, but you can adore her still, painted on the ceiling of her former bedroom, naked and rosy and rollicking, like the other nymphs around her . . .

Tommy was nudging me. "Well? This 'Tub Supreme' of yours?"

My bubble popped. La Paiva vanished. "The Tub Supreme," I began, "is perfectly ordinary in size and shape. It sits flat on the floor, like any other tub. In fact, there's nothing whatsoever unusual about it—"

The Traveler whispered to the Old Rascal with unnecessary loudness, "Read any good books lately?"

"—except," I said, "*except* that the foot-end is an aquarium, with goldfish."

Gospel truth! The foot-end is two panes of glass, about five inches apart: the outer pane flush with the outer wall of the building, and the inner flush with the inner wall—the bathroom wall—and there's water between them, and goldfish in the water. You can watch them bump their noses against the glass, trying to get at your toes, or you can look past toes and goldfish out into Positano Bay, far below. You can, that is, if Carlo Cinque will reserve you Room 7 or Room 9 at his Hotel Miramare, Positano, Italy.

Signore Cinque is the owner-manager. He's also the inventor of the Tub Supreme, thus: "I am in my bed one morning and I look at the ocean and I think, 'My God, I can look out at the ocean, but nobody out there can look in at me!' Then I think, 'My God, why can't I make a bathtub like that?' So I make it, and everybody like it, so I make a second one. Adlai Stevenson liked them, and Lana Turner, and Elsa Martinelli, and Tennessee Williams, and—"

All this I told them. Tommy said dreamily, "Imagine a combination, a double bathtub—"

"—made of silver," said the Traveler, "except for a glass end with goldfish in it."

"Full of champagne," I added.

"*And*," said the Old Rascal, "beautiful girls to splash you. E-*gad*!"

We sighed. Suddenly, loud above the little silence, came Paris's familiar disaster-diphthong: the *yelp* of tires, then *crash!*—from near the Etoile. We jumped up to see, and I noticed that the great arch was dark. The sun had set long ago. My demonstration would have to wait another year. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE QUEEN AND HER COURT, *A Guide to the British Monarchy Today, by Jerrold W. Packard (Scribner's, 234 pp., $14.95).* With Prince Charles's wedding just down the pike, Mr. Packard's timing is perfect. Read this book, and there will be very few questions you won't be able to answer about the British Court: progeniture, palaces, procedures, protocol, pomposities. Indeed, *The Queen and Her Court* is so jampacked with detail that it isn't everyone's cup o' tea. Also, Mr. Packard's judgments, like his photographs, tend to be black-and-white. One measures up or one doesn't. He approves of George VI, the Queen Mother, Prince Charles, and above all Elizabeth II because they all understand or understood their job, which is to be Restrained Regal in a heavily socialized, egalitarian society. By that same yardstick, he despises the late Duke of Windsor, has little use for Princess Margaret, is harsh on Princess Anne, and worries about the rapscallion young Prince Edward (will he take after his great-uncle?) who does unforgivable things like signing his exam papers at Dartmouth, "Midshipman HRH The Prince Edward." But not to read *The Queen and Her Court* is to pass up nuggets, such as the joke that prompted Queen Victoria's "We are not amused." The victim was an unfortunate lady of the Court titillated by a sign announcing that the Duchess of Atholl (a coach) left the Duke of Atholl['s] Arms (a hostelry) at 7:00 every morning. Did you know that the present Royal Press Secretary's office was established in the late eighteenth century for a "Court Newsman" (£45 per annum) whose job it was to correct "the lies that everyone was telling about [his Royal Highness, George III]"? Or that the title of address has been so refined that when the switchboard operator at Buckingham Palace picks up the receiver and says: "Your Majesty? Her Majesty, your Majesty," only one person in the realm could be on the line?

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

HOW TO STAND UP FOR YOUR RIGHTS AND WIN, *by Roy M. Cohn (Simon and Schuster, 356 pp., $13.95).* This unpretentious book covers every legal problem that the ordinary citizen might be likely to encounter in the course of his life: personal contracts, marriage, cohabitation, buying and selling goods and services, travel, lawyers, wrongs and remedies (e.g., fraud), funerals and wills. The book is not one of personal reminiscence, although the author does occasionally refer to cases of his own. Obviously, in dealing so briefly with subjects respecting which treatises of two to eight volumes each have been written, the book cannot, and does not purport to, offer comprehensive treatments of these subjects. Nevertheless, it does provide a readily understood presentation of the relevant elementary rules of law, most of them clarified with one or more examples. Someone involved in a problem of one of those kinds might usefully read the discussion in this book and, in some instances, successfully assert his rights without even going to a lawyer; indeed lawyers, if brought a problem of a sort dealt with here, might, if not already familiar with the subject, usefully take a look at this book before beginning research in more exalted treatises. As an il-

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Dark Horses

CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

BASIC BOOKS expected to sell several thousand copies of George Gilder's *Wealth and Poverty* (his previous book, *Visible Man*, had by then sold seven hundred). But as of several weeks ago *Wealth and Poverty* had reached 135,000 in sales and Gilder had become one of the most talked-about men in Washington. His puckish but moving arguments on behalf of capitalism traveled, it seemed, everywhere, and he gave supply-side economics a currency almost equal to that of the Scarsdale Diet. Gilder, of course, was not the first man to popularize the tenets of the coming economic wisdom, but certainly he is the most successful. Very probably he has created a promising new growth market into which, over the next year or two, authors and publishers may be expected to scramble.

"Reaganomics": Supply-Side Economics in Action (Arlington House, $14.95), by Bruce Bartlett, is the latest contribution to the literature. Bartlett, who went to work in 1977 for New York GOP Congressman Jack Kemp, was part of the early team of supply-siders; although he has contributed to a wide variety of journalistic publications, his book reads a lot like a report by somebody's staff economist, which Bartlett was. Nothing wrong with that, of course: there is a great deal of information in *"Reaganomics,"* a plethora of charts and statistics, and a clear and lucid text.

If you've read *Wealth and Poverty*, most if not all of Bartlett's points, and the arguments sustaining them, will be familiar: that Keynes perverted Say's Law of markets; that government is the chief cause of inflation; that we must preserve and augment that most valuable commodity, capital; that a tax cut will spur growth and will *not* be inflationary; that the welfare system creates a sub-economy and sub-society of dependency; that the "progressive" tax policies of states like Wisconsin, New York, and Massachusetts are responsible for the economic malaise of those states. What Bartlett most usefully adds to this is the kind of supportive information that is essential to congressmen and interested students.

"The greatest challenge of the 1980s," he warns in a perceptive concluding chapter, "will be to prevent supply-side economics from being perverted into an industrial policy, which would substitute government subsidies and tariffs for a tax reduction or regulatory reform and put the United States on the road to centralized economic planning." What Bartlett has in mind, of course, is the kind of scheme that Felix Rohatyn has been calling for: the re-establishment of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation whereby the Feds would support imperiled companies like Chrysler. Bartlett is surely right to say that "A policy of 'reindustrialization' would allow [liberals] to . . . support business without giving up any government power."

LEONARD M. GREENE is president of the Safe Flight Instrument Corporation of New York State, and of the Institute for Socioeconomic Studies in Westchester. One day the New York State Employment Service sent his company a young black man to fill a job that required a certain amount of training, which Safe Flight was willing to provide at risk. The man was hired and doing well when abruptly he quit: he admitted to Greene that his new wages made his family, with whom he lived in the Bronx, ineligible for subsidized housing. Greene turned his attention to the welfare system as it exists, and offers his criticisms and solutions in *Free Enterprise without Poverty* (Norton, $12.95). "The necessity," he says, "is to take decisive action, literally to abolish poverty by setting up the Graduated Income Supplement. Once relieved of the dead weight of the dependency system, we will be able to proceed with great new economic growth." Such a scheme Greene believes would increase work incentives, reduce bureaucracy, and permit a lessening of the tax burden—although supply-siders will question whether even this job of streamlining is reform enough. □

lustration, in the part of the book dealing with travel, Mr. Cohn advises what a passenger should do if his luggage is lost by an airline on an international flight, especially if the airline's defense is the Warsaw Convention, an agreement between various countries, including the U.S., purporting to limit to $400 the amount a passenger may recover. The book points out loopholes in the Warsaw Convention, and gives the aggrieved passenger a good starting point. C. DICKERMAN WILLIAMS

THE UNFORGETTABLE SEASON, *by G. H. Fleming (Holt, 334 pp., $16.95).* Professor Fleming, who has turned out books on the Victorian novel and the Pre-Raphaelites, here recounts, entirely through newspaper excerpts, the New York Giants' quest for the pennant in 1908. It is certainly a departure for Fleming, but he carries the whole thing off with skill and dash, providing glosses where appropriate and cutting where needed. He subtitles his work "The Most Exciting and Calamitous Pennant Race of All Time" (though this is as arguable as anything else related to the National Pastime). The punch line came during a game in September between the Giants and the Chicago Cubs, who were battling for first place in the National League. Fred Merkle of the Giants failed to touch second base with two out in the ninth as the winning run crossed the plate and the crowd went wild. The game was ruled a tie, and the Giants subsequently lost the replayed game as well as the pennant; Merkle went down in baseball lore as a bonehead. That was the punch line. But the story is far more interesting, for there *were* giants in those days, and here they come to life, day by day. Here are Christy Mathewson, manager John McGraw, Three-Finger Brown, and Honus Wagner, along with scores of others. Not less interesting, however, is the sportswriting itself, marvelously old-fashioned and some of it barely comprehensible, filled with contemporary slang and heroic metaphor. Pitchers are "twirlers"; what they "heave" is the "bulb," which the batters, if they are any good, "blister." A team is not hot; it "has ginger." The crowd is made up of "rooters" and "bugs"; some of them sit in the bleachers, "the home of the proletariat." And so on. This is vintage stuff, and rarely seen nowadays. The baseball players were pioneers, but so, too, were the sportswriters, establishing and defining the grand literary tradition of their calling. Telling the story through newspaper excerpts is much like telling a story in dialogue; what you lose is the big picture; what you gain is immediacy. Professor Fleming has not only turned out a good book, but has come up with a good idea, and sports fans might well hope he will turn to it again. JOE MYSAK

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BEILENSON
(Continued from page 843)

becoming a Soviet satellite. Whether Yugoslavia would have so become had we not helped is speculative. But even if it had become a satellite, one more in the Balkans would have made no great difference, and the South Slavs might have been more prone to revolt against their Communist rulers had we let nature take its course. Our attitude here is the important thing. Until we make clear that Communist governments will not receive American money, but dissidents against them will, we shall discourage revolt where it will help us most.

Unlike buying friends and influence, paying for the use of such foreign bases as we need for national defense is sensible. But we shall lose our investment if we are forced to leave, as we were in Libya and Thailand.

If our alliances in Europe, with Japan, and with South Korea are required for our defense (a large question), then our subsidies to our allies have historical support. Of all treaties, defensive alliances, despite habitual unreliability, have been the most efficacious in deterring attack. Nevertheless, we are making a bad bargain. West Germany is able to pay for its own defense, yet we contribute substantially to it. Japan has grown rich because we have provided its protection.

We do not draw from a bottomless well. We badly need to spend huge additional sums on civil defense, active nuclear defense, and deterrence. Parkinson's Rule Three should be the starting point for any consideration of charitable foreign aid or subsidy, with a heavy burden of proof on the advocates of giving. When in doubt, say no. And despite "Never say never," never give borrowed money. □

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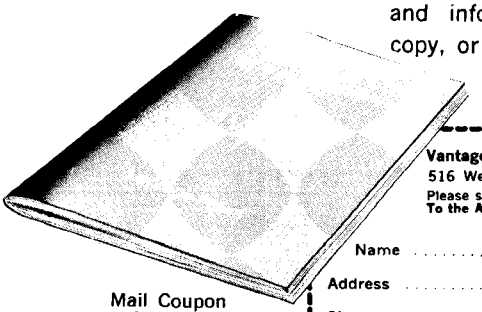

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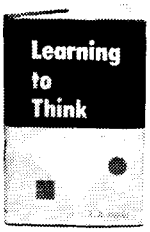

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Reaganomics: The Long View

On The Right

New York, July 10—The question most widely asked on the campuses, sometimes sardonically, sometimes in tones hushed by the solemnity of its implications, is: "Will it work?" By "it" is meant the Reagan economic platform. Those who, looking about the world, are collectors of objectively discouraging events have much to behold. On the one hand, the objective failure of socialism is as manifest as the brightness of the sun, the aridity of the deserts, the whiteness of the snows. On the other hand, democratic constituencies are still seized by the force of the great superstition of the age, namely that one can substitute political for economic exertions in order to enhance one's condition. The French voted for Mitterrand. Mrs. Thatcher is not in control. Greece may well go for Papandreou. Israel suffers 100 per cent inflation.

Meanwhile, at home, we elected Ronald Reagan as President. And repeat, again and again: "Will it work?"

A single document by Peter G. Peterson, Chairman of the Board of Lehman Brothers Kuhn Loeb, is as instructive as anything you can find on the subject. Peterson, a former Secretary of Commerce (in 1972 under Nixon), is commonly accepted as one of the two or three most articulate economic analysts in America (he was summa cum laude at Northwestern). He congratulates President Reagan on making possible a fresh look at an economic situation that was fast deteriorating. But then he proceeds to make the hard points.

BETWEEN 1970 and 1979, Japan and West Germany, with energy and resource problems far worse than our own, did far better than we. Consider:

—Japanese auto workers save up to 25 per cent of their earnings. Japan, with an economy half the size of ours, in 1980 was spending more in absolute terms on plant and equipment than the U.S.

—In the past 15 years, Japan and West Germany have better than doubled their output of scientists and engineers. By contrast, we are graduating 5 to 10 per cent fewer scientists (while our lawyers are up 83 per cent).

—Research and development are of course the key to economic progress. In the course of a decade, the number of patents issued to U.S. companies declined by 10 per cent; during the same period, patents issued to Japanese companies increased by 372 per cent.

—In 1970, 548 small American companies came to the public market for funds. In 1978, 29 did.

—During the past decade, the Japanese absorbed a $69-billion increase in domestic costs as the result of higher costs of energy, food, and raw materials. Japan not only absorbed this cost, but weighed into the new decade with a $76-billion surplus. How? Increased productivity.

Now, as for the Reagan program. What is wrong with it is that it does not go far enough, nor contemplate sufficiently the long term. Peterson believes we need to sink between 3 per cent and 5 per cent of GNP into "productivity-enhancing investments," i.e., plant and equipment, research and development.

And the trouble with the Reagan tax cuts is a) they are insufficient, and insufficiently targeted; and b) the cuts in the budget are equally insufficient. The principal reason for this is Reagan's commitment to indexing the so-called safety net.

—Of the projected tax cuts, only 22 per cent are spurs to investment, i.e., specific relief for business.

—If you look at Japan, West Germany, France (pre-Mitterrand), and the UK, you will see that only the United States extracts "the greatest share of its public revenue from progressive taxes on income, investment, and property; the smallest from proportional taxes on payrolls and consumption." Revenues from taxes on investment, capital gains, property, and corporate earnings exceed, as a share of GNP, that of any of the other four countries.

—Japan, West Germany, and France do not tax "unearned income" at higher than ordinary rates; and all four countries grant generous personal deductions for ordinary interest and dividend income. None has double taxation of dividends.

—Our corporation tax, viewed comprehensively, is the highest of the lot. And then to the crucial recommendation. Our major government programs, defense apart, must grow at a rate "significantly less than the growth rate of the GNP." But this means that you cannot exempt the entitlement programs from the budget cutting. Consider that since 1965, the indexed transfer programs increased 61 per cent faster than the GNP. In fiscal 1981, the indexed programs account for more than 30 per cent of all federal spending, and the indirectly indexed for an additional 10 per cent. By contrast, in 1970 the figure was a mere 3 per cent.

Now if you add defense spending to indexed spending, you are left with only 30 per cent of the budget which you are permitted to cut down on. You cannot make long-range, significant cuts by concentrating on only a single one-third of the budget. It is the equivalent of saying you are going to lose weight by exercising only your right leg. Not enough. □

PETERSON ON ENTITLEMENTS

New York, July 14—Peter Peterson continues his analysis of the Reagan program, making points that demand attention. Among these is that the so-called entitlement programs (Social Security, veterans' benefits, Medicare) cannot be held immune from budget cutting, for reasons no more complicated than that, in the nature of things, the entitlements are occupying a larger and larger slice of the budget. It requires far less imagination than Mr. Peterson's to figure out, for instance, that with a higher percentage of the population living longer, the cost of Social Security will rise. If we guarantee that that "entitlement"—not to speak of the others—is immune from reform, then any determination to limit to their present percentage of the GNP the expenses of the public sector would commit us to effecting our reductions from a smaller and smaller percentage of the budget.

This can't be done. We have only to imagine what would result from reducing such expenses as, e.g., the cost of the FBI, in order to continue to index Social Security. The point has come when the matter of the entitlements has to be thought through, and Mr. Peterson suggests that

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now is a much better time to do that thinking than tomorrow.

Consider, for instance, the year 1980. In the summer, under the indexation code, recipients of Social Security received a 14.2 per cent increase in their checks. Now during 1980, workers increased their pay by 9.2 per cent. The differential is itself instructive. But note this: the Social Security recipients received their 14 per cent tax free. The working population not only paid taxes on the 9 per cent increase, but paid taxes at a higher rate. The indexation, then, is a double-whammy: the taxpayer is not protected by indexation, the Social Security recipient is. The net effect is to polarize. I.e., as things get harder and harder for the worker, they get better and better for the Social Security recipient.

Now, 80 per cent of those who receive Social Security have total incomes that put them above the poverty level. Just to begin with, Mr. Reagan suggests, the practice of indexation might extend only to Social Security recipients whose income is below that poverty level. Another, indeed a supplementary, approach might be to the effect that indexation for anyone on Social Security may not exceed the net gain by the working population after taxes. So that if the average worker's income increased by a net of, say, 6 per cent, then indexation would be limited to the same figure.

It is hard to quarrel with these proposals by any appeal to distributive justice. True, the Social Security beneficiary can put forward a claim based on the value of his lifetime contribution to the Social Security fund. But such claims are tenuous, because it has become almost impossible to calculate with any precision what is really the employee's contribution, and what it is worth. In Chile a major reform of the Social Security act makes handlers of the workers' funds strictly accountable for their investment, and upon reaching age 65 the worker is credited with exactly what he saved, together with compounded interest. The system guarantees that there cannot be a shortfall. And removes any criticism based on unequal contributions.

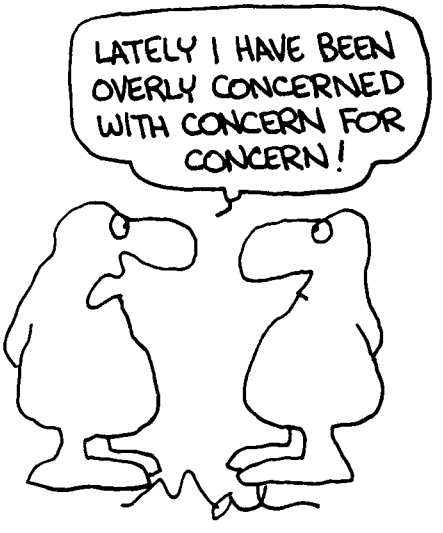
The long and short of the matter is simply this: indexation is an attempt to make inflation painless. But, you see, inflation should be painful—because whatever the cosmetic applied, with inflation the attrition to the vital organs of the economy is going on. An economic model could be conceived in which everything is indexed, in which event there would theoretically be no problem whatever from inflation—help yourself. But such a model would not work in a world in which people, and goods, and money, travel. Indexation up and down the line is nothing less than the economic equivalent of solipsism. Another word for the Tip O'Neill Syndrome. □

THE RICH ACCORDING TO GALBRAITH

New York, July 16—John Kenneth Galbraith, whose memoirs are receiving the acclaim that is their due as a literary and anecdotal festival, has just published his 823rd attack on "the rich," though I confess there may be some around I haven't read. It is called "The Uses and Excuses for Affluence." It makes, really, only one solid point, but it is a point worth examining.

Mr. Galbraith gives us, first, a little history. The social philosophy of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries was based on the assumption that some people were simply supposed to be rich, as were their first-born sons. The principle of primogeniture had prevailed for many years. But it, of course, was upset by the Industrial Revolution, when it transpired that anybody could be rich. All you had to do was strike oil, or invent a better mousetrap. I leave out as irrelevant, though Galbraith does not, the accumulation of wealth by such legal and illegal larceny as bribing legislators, robbing banks, and owning monopoly television stations in Austin, Texas. There evolved what we know as the theory of Social Darwinism, the notion that to be rich was to be a biologically superior being. That quaint theory had a fling at the turn of the century, but was neatly punctured by experience, and most deftly by the aphorism of Chesterton, to the effect that 11 men start digging simultaneously, and the one that strikes coal becomes Lord Northumberland.

During the New Deal, Mr. Galbraith remarks, there evolved something along the lines of a philosophy of a debt owed by the rich to the poor. That's when our great foundations flowered, and one thinks of such names as Carnegie, Mellon, Rockefeller, Harriman, and so on. What is now happening, says Galbraith, is that these rich are dying out, and the new types are asking that economic policy be reordered in order to a) help the poor, b) revitalize industry, c) end unemployment, d) make America competitive—all those good and enviable things. But what the rich really want, says Galbraith—and it is very important when reading Mr. Galbraith to bear in mind that He (sometimes alone) Knows the Secrets of Every Man's Heart—is to be richer. That, really, is why we all back the Kemp-Roth bill, in case you wondered: "One yearns to hear someone admit that the added income will be greatly relished by the rich. Or to have some Treasury official say this before a congressional committee. But, except as an act of extreme indiscretion, it will never happen. We like to think of ourselves as a blunt, plain-spoken people. But on some matters a careful social, economic, or moral camouflage is clearly essential."



Now THERE is a lot of sheer fun in that paragraph. However, it invites a mode of analysis the implications of which are sobering.

"The real reason John Jones is backing the civil-liberties bill is that he desires to increase his civil liberties."

"The real reason John Jones is backing the defense bill is that he wishes to be more secure."

"The real reason John Jones is backing the clean-air bill is that he wants cleaner air."

Now we can, if our mind is given to such inclinations, suspect that John Jones wants that civil-liberties bill because he wants to get on with the production of pornography. That he wants the defense bill because he is loaded with airplane stocks. And that he is only interested in the clean-air bill because he suffers from asthma.

But the misanthropic view of human motives is not really reliable, not even in a sinful world. I can produce a Carthusian monk who has given away all his worldly goods, and is in favor of Kemp-Roth. And to desire that everyone should be relieved of the existing heavy burden of taxation is not to ask Congress for special benefits merely for oneself. No one overhearing a bargaining session between Mr. Galbraith and his publishers would justifiably conclude that Mr. Galbraith puts forward his claims with other motivations than those consistent with healthy, and normal, appetites. □

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. *Elanoides forficatus*
26 51 97 104 115 198 193 177 139 160
99 184 58 8 32 46 82

B. What one might receive from a woman who was *not* a quarrelsome, brawling, vituperative person
59 20 151 52 164 186 110 24 204 207
6 29 71 200 37 111

C. *Nymphalis californica*
63 74 53 66 93 81 205 105 154 178
168 5 16 78 149 159 170 173 185
114 124 148

D. Town on Connecticut R.
69 181 62 188 86 155 31 2 165 144

E. A son of Zeus and Europa
94 180 128 25 192 196 50 108 85 96
13 72

F. Statistics published daily by one of the federal depts.; used by gamblers as basis for payoffs
101 56 84 116 161 203 68 45 182 189
3 210 21 33 91 140 109

G. What the river-horse belongs to
175 158 55 123 171 183 194 197 209 172
102 43 118 122 147 156 169 42

H. Comprehensive
179 117 90 141 206 103 88 28 201 38

I. Uncertainty or fluctuation (à la Dirksen)
1 27 19 36 83 87 92 9 14 60
65

J. A Review on which James R. Lowell worked
213 7 107 113 64 18 121 100 136 187
15 23 126

K. A chief prince of Meshech and Tubal
35 76 199

L. A type of pottery
41 11 195 49 67 112 142 131 125 119
190

M. A U.S. actor, born in Eng. (1899-1962)
80 145 77 214 208 89 137 162

N. A pie baked by the Amish
98 211 57 133 135 152 75

O. Adj. that describes a blockhead
40 44 54 4 17 22 47 61 70 73
79 95

P. Rubbish
106 174 39 146 30

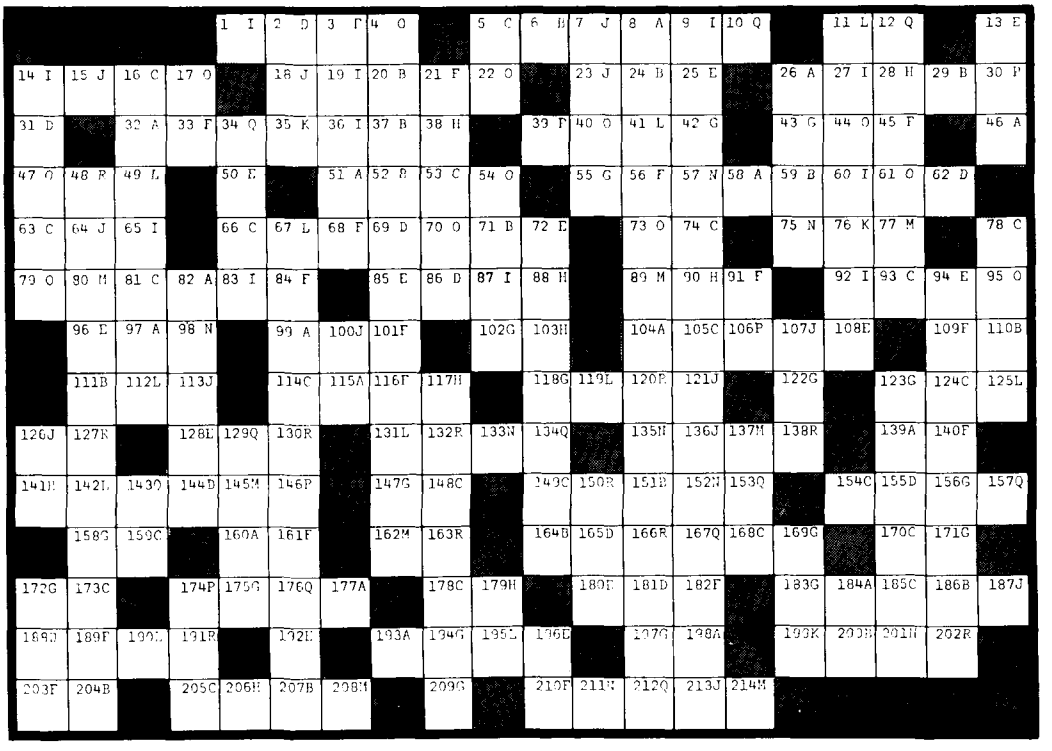
Q. Deprived of legal force
143 129 167 176 134 212 10 34 12 153
157

R. Pretentious talk
166 132 130 120 138 163 150 127 48 191
202

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 858 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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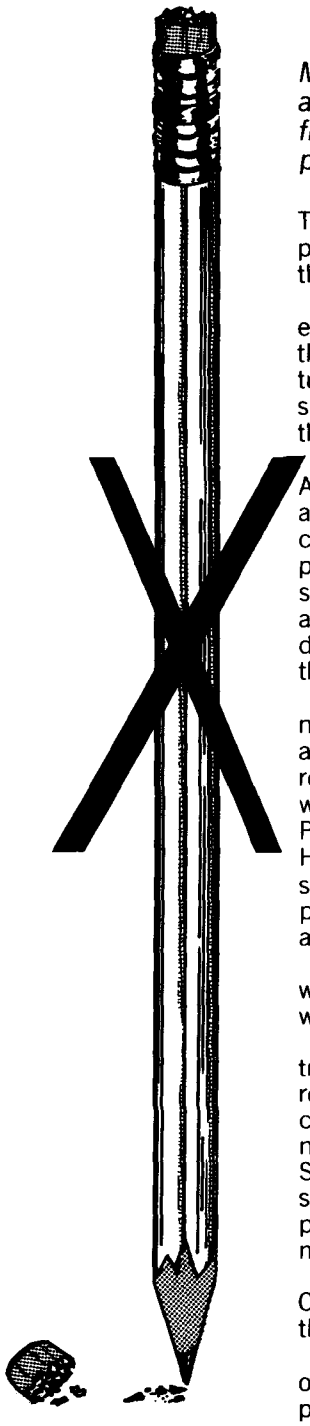
The pencil problem—1990



Monte Throdahl is senior vice president for Monsanto. He recently addressed a Washington, D.C., conference on toxics control. The following is extracted from his prepared text. He describes it himself as "an exaggeration to the point of outrage." That it may be. But it does make a point.

This is the story of the U.S. pencil industry. Remember, we are looking back from our vantage point of 1990. It's strange to think that, back in 1979, just anyone could use a pencil any way they wanted to.

You see, it all started when the Occupational Safety & Health Act carcinogen policy went into effect. The graphite in the pencil leads always contained a residue of crystalline silica. And there was at least one animal test and an in-vitro test indicating that crystalline silica produced tumors, so the material became regulated as a carcinogen. There was no alternate for pencils, so exposure had to come down almost to zero. Workers were put into protective clothing, and that solved the problem initially.

But then the Environmental Protection Agency, acting under the Clean Air and Clean Water Acts, which soon had their own carcinogen policies, required drastic reductions in emissions and effluents. The control technology was quite expensive, and only the largest manufacturers could afford it. This caused a flurry of antitrust suits in the early '80s when there were only three pencil makers left in the country. One of the three was split into smaller companies, but they soon went out of business since they were unable to afford increasingly stringent workplace and pollution control requirements. Then foreign pencil manufacturers began to threaten to dominate the pencil market, and our government, in an abrupt about-face, allowed a merger of the two remaining companies to meet overseas competition.

The Consumer Product Safety Commission then became concerned with what the newspaper headlines were calling the "pencil problem." Rubber erasers could be chewed off and choke small children. The sharp points of pencils could also be dangerous. There were residual solvents in the paint used on pencils, and pencil-chewing seemed to be a more widespread habit than anyone had realized. Printing a legend on each pencil that said: "This Pencil Could Be Hazardous To Your Health," did not seem to affect consumer pencil habits, a Harvard study indicated. In fact, the study found additional potentially harmful uses, such as stirring coffee. This led FDA to declare that harmful substances could be dissolved out of the pencil into the coffee, and thus pencils violated food additive laws, including the Delaney amendment.

Trying to salvage its business, the pencil company began making pencils without paint, without erasers, and with only soft leads so they would not hold a sharp point. But consumers were outraged, and sales declined.

Then someone invented a machine that could measure crystalline silica below the part-per-trillion level, and workplace, air emission, water effluent, and waste disposal regulations required that the best practicable technology be used to reach this low level. The pencil company was threatened with financial ruin because of the large sums needed to purchase new control equipment. There were those that wanted to ban pencils entirely under the Toxic Substances Control Act, but the government decided that pencils were necessary, particularly since they were used to write new regulations. Besides, the Senators from the state where the pencil company was located declared that pencils were as American as baseball, and should not be replaced with ball-point pens.

So the government bailed out the pencil company with a large, guaranteed loan—called a Chrysler loan in those days. But, of course, that was only a temporary measure, and to protect the pencil business, the government eventually nationalized it.

It is comforting to know, after all, that society is being protected against a danger that was so obvious we didn't even notice it for many, many years. There are still those who complain about paying $17 for a pencil, but you really can't put a price tag on health or safety.

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